

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 00368643 3

UNIV. OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY

The page is framed by a highly detailed, black and white woodcut-style border. At the top, there are several circular vignettes: a lion, a unicorn, a bear, and a dog. Below these are various figures, including a cherub, a woman, and a man. The sides of the border are filled with a dense, repeating pattern of figures, possibly representing a crowd or a specific scene. The bottom border shows a group of men in a landscape, some carrying poles or spears, and a building in the background.

The Romaunt
of the Rose,



141644

The Romaunt of the Rose.

A REPRINT OF THE FIRST PRINTED EDITION

By WILLIAM THYNNE.

A.D. 1532.

EDITED BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,

M.A., PH.D., F.B.A.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE CHAUCER SOCIETY

BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD.,

DRYDEN HOUSE, 43 GERRARD STREET, SOHO, W.

AND BY HENRY FROWDE, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS,

AMEN CORNER, E.C., AND IN NEW YORK.

1911, for the Issue of 1890.

141644
12/2/17.



PR
1901
A3
Co. P 2

First Series,
No. LXXXII.

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BUNGAY.

INTRODUCTION

BY PROFESSOR SKEAT

THIS reprint of Thynne's first edition of the *Romaunt of the Rose* (being one of the pieces printed in the edition of 1532) was mainly prepared and edited by the late Dr. Furnivall some years ago, but the issue of it has been, from various causes, delayed till now. It is, I think, necessary to explain, with all due brevity, what is the precise value of the present reprint, which represents Thynne's edition with all reasonable accuracy, *i. e.* with the exception of such possible errors as have escaped the eye of the reader and reviser of the proof-sheets. I have not observed many inaccuracies,¹ and it is extremely unlikely that they can amount to much. I only venture to refer to this because a reader who has any doubt as to any reading may consult one of the excellent facsimiles of the whole edition of 1532 published conjointly by A. Moring, at the De la More Press, and Henry Frowde, at the University Press, Oxford.

The present print reproduces all Thynne's peculiarities, such as the almost total absence of punctuation, the occasional introduction of bars such as that after the words "An authour" in l. 7, and his arrangement of the paragraphs.

The chief use of this reprint lies in the fact that there are *only two* authorities in existence for the text of this poem, viz. the Glasgow MS. no. V, 3. 7, and Thynne's text of 1532.

The Glasgow MS. (which I call G) is, on the whole, the slightly better authority, but it must be remembered that it has lost several leaves, and, consequently, that, for such lines as were contained in them, Thynne's text (which I call Th.) is *the sole authority*. Briefly, we have nothing but this to trust to for the following lines: 1-44, 333-380, 892, 1387-1432, 1553, 1892 (where G. is badly supplied in a later hand), 2395-2442, 3136, (perhaps) 3490, 3595-3690, 4856, 6688, 6786, 7092, 7109 (?), 7383-7574, and the last 5 lines. The

¹ See the Errata, p. xi.

sum total comes to about 539 lines, which is rather serious, and proves at once that Th. is indispensable. But by placing the present reprint side by side with Kaluza's excellent edition of G., which is accompanied by the French original, the student has before him at a glance all the available material for establishing the text of the poem.

The chief points that concern the text are given and discussed in my six-volume edition of Chaucer's Works, vol. i. pp. 1-20. It may suffice to give here a brief abstract of the results.

1. The Poem consists of three distinct Fragments, which may be called A, B, and C.

Fragment A.—Lines 1-1705. .

Fragment B.—Lines 1706-5810.

Fragment C.—Line 5811 to the end.

2. I believe Fragment A to be Chaucer's work. Fairly considered, it conforms to such grammatical usages and to such habits of rime as we find elsewhere in his genuine works. It ends abruptly in the middle of an uncompleted sentence; and it is remarkable, as Kaluza first observed, that the French word *bouton*, 'a bud,' which in ll. 1675, 1683, 1685, 1691, and 1702 is uniformly translated by *knoppe*, is in ll. 1721, 1761, 1770, 1786, 1789, translated by *botoun*, which suggests another translator.

3. Fragment B differs widely from A in many respects. I note some of these.

(a) The translation is more diffuse. In A, there are, on an average, 101.6 lines to every 100 of the French text. In C the proportion is as 102.1 to 100. But in B, the proportion is much higher, viz. as 117.5 to 100.

(b) Fragment B contains numerous examples of the use of a Northern dialect. This is obvious, when the attention has once been called to it.

(c) Fragment B frequently rimes a word which (in Chaucer) etymologically ends in *-y* with one which etymologically ends in *-y-e*; whereas A observes Chaucer's usage throughout, in this respect.

(d) Fragment B has several rimes which are merely assonant, such as *kepe, eke*, 2125; *shape, make*, 2259; *escape, make*, 2753; *take, scape*, 3165; *storm, corn*, 4343; *down, toun*, 5469.

(e) It even has such desperate rimes as *desyre, nere*, 1785, 2441; *ioynt, queynt*, 2037; *abrede, forwered*, 2563; *desyre, manere* (Th. *manyre*!) 2779.

4. Fragment C is free from Northern forms and rimes, so that it was not written by the author of B. Neither does it seem to have been written by the author of A. It contradicts Chaucer's rule as to the riming of *-y* with *-y*, and *-yë* with *-yë*, at least six times. See *coverly*, *Ipocrisy*(ë), 6111; *company*(ë), *utterly*, 6301; *loteby*, *company*(ë), 6339; *why*, *tregetry*(ë), 6373 (where Th. has *whye!*); *company*(ë), I, 6875; *mekely*, *trechery*(ë), 7319. For further considerations that tend to the same result, see my edition of Chaucer's Works, vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

5. I think Fragment C was originally an independent poem, and existed *at first* in a different MS., in which it began with the *first page* of that MS. See further below.

6. Note that the texts of G. and Th. are so much alike that they must have been copied from the same source, which may be called O. (their common original).

7. This original (O) was made up of two distinct parts at least, which may be called M and N. M contained Fragments A and B, which had been brought together by some process to which we have but little clue, and of which I offer no explanation. But N was complete in itself, and existed independently. It is not really "a fragment" in the true sense, and formed no part of a complete translation of the Roman de la Rose; but was executed by some rather ingenious translator (I am afraid it was not Chaucer) who selected a *particular episode* that occurs in the French poem, beginning at the right place (as nearly as possible), and ending at the right place, and thus giving us a poem which is complete in itself. The passage is certainly a lively one, and fully develops the story of False-Semblant (or Hypocrisy), who is introduced at l. 5848, and thoroughly discussed throughout; and when, at the very close, False-Semblant offers to give Wicked-Tongue absolution, the story of False-Semblant's hypocrisy comes to an end; he soon reveals himself as an open traitor. No doubt, the introduction is rather abrupt; but it is difficult to see *where else* the beginning could so well be made. Observe particularly, that between Fragments B and C there is a gap of *more than five thousand lines* in the French text, which is a very complete severance. To versify a particular passage in the French poem was a sensible and natural undertaking, when we consider the enormous length of the prolix original.

8. I suppose that the part M (*i.e.* A and B) was made up by the scribe, who naturally (but forcibly) brought these Fragments together

for the sake of completeness. I assume that he had access to *two* translations of the Roman de la Rose, viz. one by Chaucer and one by a Northern poet. Chaucer's was incomplete, but he followed it as far as it went, and he then added more from another translation, suppressing so much of it as he did not require. He joined them on as well as he could, leaving, however, Chaucer's last sentence so incomplete that it has no verb; for *dide* is only auxiliary. But even B failed him at l. 5810, corresponding to (about) l. 5169 of the French text (ed. Méon); so that A and B together give us little more than *a quarter* of the whole.

9. But the scribe of O. also discovered a MS. (N.) giving a translation of another portion altogether, containing the story of False-Semblant, and beginning near the middle of the poem. And while he was about it, he transcribed that also, for which we are much obliged to him. The fact that some of the leaves in N. were transposed prove that the number of lines on a page were usually 24, and sometimes (but rarely) 25. Assuming that, in the course of the first three quires (each of eight leaves) one of the leaves contained 50 lines, and all the rest 48, we see that these three quires contained the first 1154 lines (made up of $8 \times 48 + 8 \times 48 + 7 \times 48 + 50$). The fourth quire began, accordingly, at l. 1155, or if we add on the 5810 lines of A and B, at l. 6965—'Thus be we dradde of the people, ywis.

10. It is now easy to calculate the contents of each leaf of the fourth quire; as follows. Leaf A; 6965–7012 (48 lines).¹ Leaf B; 7013–7060 (48 lines). Leaf C; 7061–7108 (48 lines). Leaf D; 7109–7158 (50 lines). Leaf E; 7159–7208 (48² lines). Leaf F; 7209–7256 (48 lines). Leaf G; 7257–7304 (48 lines). Leaf H; 7305–7352 (48 lines). Of course the original order of the leaves was A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H; and A was joined at the back to H; B to G; C to F; and D to E. What happened was that the middle pair of leaves, viz. D and E, was displaced so that D followed A and E preceded H. The order thus became A, D, B, C, F, G, E, H. And this is precisely the order in which the lines occur, viz. A (6965–7012); D (7109–7158); B, C (7013–7108); F, G (7209–7304); E (7159–7208); H (7305, &c.). It follows that the original assumption was almost certainly correct, viz. that the MS. N began with line 1, and was originally quite independent of the other Fragments.

¹ I refer to the true numbering, *not* to that in the present reprint; see p. ix.

² Not 50; because ll. 7173–4 are omitted in both copies, viz. Th. and G.

11. All the black-letter editions, including every edition down to Urry's in 1721, have the lines dislocated in the manner above described. It was Tyrwhitt who made this discovery, simply by comparing the translation with the French original. Who first put the lines into the right order I do not exactly know, but this right order appears in vol. i. of Chalmers' edition of *The English Poets*, in 1810, in spite of the fact that he merely followed a black-letter edition (that of 1561, or later). It is also right in Pickering's print of *Chaucer's Poems* in 1845 (edited by Sir H. Nicolas), and in later editions.

12. It remains to be added that, in the present reprint of Thynne, the lines are numbered *continuously*, and therefore incorrectly, when due regard is paid to the originals. In the numbers given above, the reference is to my six-volume edition of *Chaucer's Works*, or to the *Student's Chaucer*. This numbering agrees with Kaluza's down to l. 7172, after which Kaluza's numbering is less by 2, which does not much matter. The *Globe* edition follows Kaluza.

The reader is, accordingly, earnestly requested to bear in mind, or to refer to, the following statement of the facts.

(a) Thynne's numbering is correct as far as l. 7012.

(b) Th. 7013, 7014 really occur twice over, viz. as Th. 7013-4 and Th. 7159-60; with a difference in the wording. Both couplets are equivalent to ll. 7109-10, as truly numbered.

(c) Disregarding (b), we may state the following equations.

$$\text{Th. 7013-7062} = \text{D} = \text{7109-7158}.$$

$$\text{Th. 7063-7158} = \text{B, C} = \text{7013-7108}.$$

$$\text{Th. 7161-7256} = \text{F, G} = \text{7209-7304 (K. 7207-7302)}.$$

$$\text{Th. 7257-7304} = \text{E} = \text{7159-7208 (K. 7206)}.$$

After which, Th. 7305 is really l. 7305 (K. 7303); and there is no more difficulty. By 'K.' I mean the numbering in Kaluza's edition of the *Glasgow MS.* (G.).

It is worth remarking that G. usually has 24 lines to the page, in spite of the fact that this leaves quite a wide margin, both above and below.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

CAMBRIDGE, *March* 15, 1911.

ERRATA.

The numbers refer to the lines.

360. For due and dywned read drie and dwyned
 428. For fore read for
 847. sefe (so); but an error for lefe
 919. For always read alwayes
 933. twhitten (so); but an error for thwitten
 995. For lf. 132, col. 2 read lf. 133, col. 2
 1214. For As read But
 1219. downe (so); but an error for dowue
 1270. For That read The
 1440. For gardyn read garden
 2561. For groff read groffe
 3513. For can read canne
 3602. *The note after 3608 (l. 3602 . . . is left out) is due to some oversight. For Thynne really has this line, in the form—Daunger is daunted and brought lowe. It is MS. G. that omits it.*
 3908. For drede read Drede
 3984. For us read vs
 4044. For me read ne
 4114. For muche read moche
 4500. For soth read sothe
 4802. For fele read selfe
 4891. For The read And
 4892. For And read The
 5046. For haunte read haunt
 5150. For I read It
 5190. For they read thy
 5201. (rubric). Aunsete (so); but an error for Amiste (i. e. Friendship).
 5330. For bydeth read bydeth
 5484. For rychese read rychesse
 5704. For geten read gotten
 5717. For him read hym
 6085. For tel read tell
 6371. For sleights read sleighthes
 6381. For symplnesse read symplesse
 6412. For The read This
 6484. For hathe read hath
 6568. For lyuedon read lyueden
 6740. For getten read geten
 6999. For hem read him
 7036. For horyble read horryble
 7224. For not read nat

127

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

1886

1887

1888

1889

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899

1900

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

1907

1908

The Romaunce of the Rose.

Ed. Thynne 1532. Fo . C . xxviii.

<p>MAny men sayn <i>that</i> in sweueninges Ther nys but fables & lesynges. But <i>men</i> may some sweuen sene Which hardely <i>that</i> false ne bene But afterwarde ben apparaut 5 This maye I drawe to warraunt An authour / that hight Macrobes That halte nat dremes false ne lees 8 But vndothe vs the auysioun That whilom mette kyng Cipiou And who so saith / or weneth it be A iape / or els nycete 12 To wene that dremes after fal Lette who so lyste a fole me cal For this trowe I / and say for me That dremes signifiauce be 16 Of good and harme to many wightes That dremen in her slepe a nyghtes Ful many thynges couertly That fallen after al openly 20 Within my twenty yere of age Whan that loue taketh his corage Of yonge folke / I went soone To bedde / as I was wonte to done 24 And faste I slepte / and in slepyng Me mette suche a sweuenyng That lyked me wonders wele But in that sweuen is neuer a dele 28 That it nys afterwarde befall Right as this dreame wol tel vs al.</p>	<p>Nowe this dreame wol I ryme a right To make your hertes gaye and lyght 32 For loue it prayeth / and also Commaundeth me that it be so And if there any aske me Whether that it be / he or she 36 Howe this booke / whiche is here Shal hatte / that I rede you here It is the Romance of the Rose 39 In whiche al the arte of loue I close. ¶ The mater fayre is of to make God graunt me in gree that she it take For whom that it begonnen is And that is she / that hath ywis 44 So mokel prise / and therto she So worthy is beloued to be 16 That she well ought of prise and right Be cleped Rose of euery wight 48 That it was May me thought tho [128, col. 2] It is fyue yere or more ago That it was May / thus dremed me In tyme of loue and iolyte 52 That al thyng gynneth waxen gay For there is neyther buske nor hay In May / that it nyl shrouded bene And it with newe leues wrene 56 These woddes eke recoueren grene That drie in wynter ben to sene 28 And the erthe wexeth proude withall For swote dewes that on it fall 60</p>
---	--

And the poore estate forgette	And gan this nedyl threde anone	
In whiche that wynter had it sette	For out of towne me lyste to gone	100
And than becometh the grounde so	The sowne of briddes for to here	
proude	That on these buskes syngen clere	
That it wol haue a newe shroude	That in the swete season that lefe is	64
And maketh so queynt his robe and	With a threde bastyng my sleuys	104
fayre	Alone I wente in my playeng	
That it had hewes an hundred payre	The smal foules songe herkenyng	
Of grasse and floures / ynde and Pers	That payned hem ful many a payre	
And many hewes ful dyuers	To syng on bowes blossomed fayre	108
That is the robe I mene iwys	Iolyfe and gaye / ful of gladnesse	
Through whiche the grounde to praysen is	Towarde a Ryuer gan I me dresse	
The byrdes that han lefte her songe	That I herde renne faste by	
Whyle they han suffred colde ful strong	For fayrer playeng none saugh I	112
In wethers grylle / and derke to sight	Than playen me by that ryuere	
Ben in Maye / for the sonne bright	For from an hyl that stood there nere	
So gladde / that they shewe in syngyng	Come downe the streme full styffe and	
That in her herte is suche lykyng	bolde	76
That they mote syngen and ben lyght	Clere was the water / and as colde	116
Than dothe the nightyngale her myght	As any welle is / sothe to sayne	
To maken noyse / and syngen blythe	And somdele lasse it was than Sayne	
Than is blysful many a sythe	But it was strayter / wele away	80
The chelaundre / and the popyngay	And neuer saugh I er that daye	120
Than yonge folke entenden aye	The water that so wele lyked me	
For to ben gaye and amorous	And wonder gladde was I to se	
The tyme is than so sauorous	That lusty place / and that ryuere	123
Harde is his herte that loueth nought	And with that water that ran so clere	
In May / whan al this myrthe is wrought	My face I wysshe / tho sawe I wele	
Whan he may on these braunches here	The botome ypaued euerydele	
The smale byrdes syngen clere	With grauel / ful of stones shene	88
Her blysful swete songe pytous	The medowes soft / sote / and grene	128
And in this seson delytous	Beet right on the water syde	
Whan loue affirmeth al thyng	Ful clere was than the morowe tyde	91
Me thought one night / in my slepyng	And ful attempre out of drede	
Right in my bedde / ful redyly	Tho gan I walken thorowe the Mede	
That it was by the morowe erly	Downwarde aye / in my playeng	133
And vp I rose / and gan me clothe	The ryuers syde coostyng	
Anon I wysshe myn hondes bothe	And whan I had a while ygone	96
A syluer nedyl forthe I drowe [ff. 128, bk.]	I sawe a Garden right anone	136
Out of an aguyler queynt ynowe	Ful longe and brode / and euerydele	

Enclosed was / and walled wele		And eke villeynous for to be	
With hye walles enbatayled	139	And lytel coulde of norture	
Portrayed without / and wel entayled		To worshippe any creature.	180
With many riche portreytures		¶ And nexte was paynted Couetyse	
And bothe the ymages and peyntures		That eggeth folke in many a gyse	
Gan I beholde besely		To take and yeue right nought agayne	
And I wol tel you redely	144	And gret tresours vp to layne	184
Of thilke ymages the semblaunce <small>[123 bk., 2]</small>		And that is she / that for vsure	
As ferre as I haue remembraunce.		Leneth to many a creature	
¶ A mydde sawe I hate stonde	147	The lasse for the more wynnyng	
That for her wrathe and yre / and onde		So couetous is her brennyng	188
Semed to be a mynoresse		And that is she for pennes feele	
An angry wight a chideresse		That techeth for to robbe and steele	
And ful of gyle / and fel corage		These theues / and these smale harlotes	
By semblaunt was that ylke ymage	152	And that is routhe / for by her throtes	
And she was nothyng wele arayde		¹ Ful many one hongeth at the last	193
But lyke a wode woman afrayde		She maketh folke compasse and cast	
Yfrounced foule was her visage		To taken other folkes thyng	195
And grynnynng for dispitous rage	156	Through robbery / or myscouetyng	
Her nose snorted vp for tene		And that is she that maketh trechours	
Ful hydous was she for to sene		And she maketh false pledours	
Ful foule and rusty was she this		That with her termes and her domes	
Her heed ywriten was ywis	160	Done maydens / children / and eke	
Ful grymly with a great towayle.		gromes <small>[¹ Fo. C. xxix.]</small>	200
¶ An ymage of another entayle		Her heritage to forgo	
A lyfte halfe was her fast by		Ful croked were her hondes two	
Her name about her heed sawe I	164	For couetyse is euer wode	
And she was called Felony		To grypen other folkes goode	204
¶ Another ymage that Vyllany		Couetyse / for her wynnyng	
Ycleped was / sawe I and fonde		Ful lefe hath other mennes thyng	
Vpon the wall on her right honde	168	¶ Another ymage sette saugh I	
Vyllany was lyke somdele		Nexste Couetyse fast by	208
That other ymage / and trusteth wele		And she was cleped Auarice	
She semed a wicked creature		Ful foule in payntyng was that vice	
By countenance in portreyture	172	Ful sadde and caytife was she eke	
She semed be ful dispitous		And also grene as any leke	212
And eke ful proude / and outragious		So yuel hewed was her coloure	
Wel coude he paynt I vndertake		Her semed to haue lyued in langour	
That suche an ymage coude make	176	She was lyke thyng for hunger deed	
Ful foule and chorlych semed she		That ladde her lyfe onely by breed	216

Kneden with eyssel stronge and egre		She is ful glad in her corage	
And therto she was leane and megre		If she se any great lynage	
And she was cladde ful poorely		Be brought to naught / in shamful wyse	
Al in an olde torne courtpy	220	And if a man in honour ryse	260
As she were al with dogges torne		Or by his wytte / or by his prowesse	
And both behynde and eke beforene		Of that hath she great heynesse	
Clouted was she beggarly		For trusteth wel she gothe nye wood	
A mantel honge her fast by	224	Whan any chaunce happeth good	264
Vpon a benche weyke and smal		Enuye is of suche cruelte	
A burnette cote honge there with al		That faythe ne trouthe holdeth she	
Furred with no menyuer		To frende ne felawe / badde or good	
But with a furre rough of heere	228	Ne she hath kynne none of her blood	
Of lambe skynnes heuy and blake		That she nys ful her enemy	269
It was ful olde I vndertake		She nolde / I dare sayne hardely	
For Auarice to clothe her wele		Her owne father fared wele	
Ne hasteth her neuer adele	232	And sore abyeth she euery dele	
For certainly it were her lothe		Her malyce / and her male talent	273
To wearen ofte that ilke clothe		For she is in so great turment	
And if it were foreweared / she		And hate suche / whan folke dothe good	
Wolde haue ful great nycete	236	That nygh she melteth for pure wood	
Of clothyng / er she bought her newe		Her herte kerneth and so breketh	277
Al were it badde of wol and hewe		That god the people wel awreketh	
This Auarice helde in her hande		Enuye iwys shal neuer let	
A purse that honge by a bande	240	Some blame vpon the folke to set	280
¹ And that she hyddeand bonde so stronge		I trowe that if Enuye iwys	
Menne must abyde wonder longe [1 col. 2]		Knewe the best man that is	
Out of that purse er there come ought		On this syde or beyonde the see	283
For that ne cometh in her thought	244	Yet somewhat lacken him wolde she	
It was not certayne her entent		And if he were so hende and wyse	
That fro that purse a peny went		That she ne might al abate his prise	
And by that ymage nygh ynough		Yet wolde she blame his worthynesse	
Was paynted Enuy / that neuer lough		Or by her wordes make it lesse	288
Nor neuer wel in her herte ferde	249	I sawe Enuye in that payntyng [ff. 129, bk.]	
But if she eyther sawe or herde		Had a wonderful lokyng	
Some great mischaunce / or great disese		For she ne loked but a wrie	
Nothyng may so moche her plesse	252	Or ouertwharte / al baggyngly	292
As mischefe and misaunture		And she had a foule vsage	
Or whan she seeth discomfyture		She might loke in no vysage	
Vpon any worthy man fall		Of man ne woman / forthe right playne	
Than lyketh her wel withall	256	But shette her one eye for disdayne	296

So for enuye brenned she		She al to dassht her selfe for wo	[129 b. 2]
Whan she might any man se		And smote togyder her hondes two	
That fayre / or worthye were / or wyse		To sorowe was she ful ententyfe	
Or els stode in folkes prise	300	That woful rechelesse caytyfe	340
¶ Sorowe was paynted next Enuye		Her rought lytel of playeng	
Vpon that wal of masonrye		Or of clypping or kissing	
But wel was sene in her colour		For who so sorouful is in herte	
That she had lyued in langour	304	Him luste not to play ne sterte	344
Her semed to haue the iaundice		Ne for to dauncen / ne to synge	
Not halfe so pale was Auaryce		Ne may his herte in temper bringe	
No nothyng lyke of leanesse	307	To make ioye on euen or morowe	
For sorowe / thought / and great distresse		For ioy is contrarie vnto sorowe.	348
That she had suffred day and nyght		¶ Elde was paynted after this	
Made her yelowe / and nothyng bright		That shorter was a foote iwys	
Ful fade / pale / and megre also		Than she was wonte in her yonghede	
Was neuer wight yet halfe so wo	312	Vnneth her selfe she might fede	352
As that her semed for to be		So feble and eke so olde was she	
Nor so fulfylfed ¹ with yre / as she	[1 30]	That faded was al her beaute	
I trowe that no wight might her plese		Ful salowe was waxen her colour	355
Nor do that thyng that might her ese		Her heed for hore was whyte as flour	
Nor she ne wolde her sorowe slake	317	Iwys great qualme ne were it none	
Nor comforte none vnto her take		Ne synne / al though her lyfe were gone	
So depe was her wo begonne		Al woxen was her body vnwelde	
And eke her herte in angre ronne	320	And due and dywned al for elde	360
A sorouful thyng wel semed she		A foule forwelked thyng was she	
Nor she had nothyng slowe be		That whylom rounde and softe had be	
For to cratchen al her face		Her eeres shoken faste withall	
And for to rent in many place	324	As from her heed they wolde fall	364
Her clothes / and for to teare her swyre		Her face frounced and forpynd	
As she that was fulfylled of yre		And both her hondes lorne fordwyned	
And al to torne lay eke her heere		So olde she was / that she ne went	
Aboute her shulders / here and there		A foote / but it were by potent	368
And she that had it al to rent	329	The tyme that passeth nyght and daye	
For angre and for male talent		And restlesse trauayleth aye	
And eke I tel you certaynly		And steleth from vs so priuely	
Howe that she wept ful tenderly	332	That to vs semeth sykerly	372
In worlde nys wyght so harde of herte		That it in one poynt dwelleth euer	
That had sene her sorowes smerte		And certes it ne resteth neuer	
That nolde haue had of her pyte		But gothe so faste / and passeth aye	
So wo begone a thyng was she	336	That there nys man that thynke may	

What tyme that nowe present is	377	Ne spareth neuer a wicked dede	
Asketh at these clerkes this		Whan men of her taken none hede	
For men thynke it redily		And maketh her outwarde precious	
Thre tymes ben passed by	380	With pale vysage and pytous	420
The tyme that may not sojourne		And semeth a symple creature	
But gothe / and may neuer retourne		But there nys no misaventure	
As water that downe renneth aye		That she ne thynketh in her corage	
But neuer droppe retourne maye	384	Ful lyke to her was thilke ymage	424
¹ There may nothyng as tyme endure		That maked was lyke her semblaunce	
Metal / nor erthly creature	[Fo. C. xxx.]	She was ful symple of countenaunce	
For al thing it frette and shal		And she was clothed and eke shod	
The tyme eke that chaungeth al	388	As she were fore the loue of god	428
And al dothe waxe / and fostred be		Yolden to relygion	
And al thyng distroyeth he		Suche semed her deuocion	
The tyme that eldeth our auncestours		A psauter helde she faste in honde.	
And eldeth kynges and emperours	392	And besyly she gan to fonde	432
And that vs al shal ouercomen		To make many a faynte prayere	[130, col. 2]
Er that dethe vs shal haue nōmen		To god / and to his sayntes dere	
The tyme that hath al in welde		Ne she was gaye / fresshe / ne iolyfe	
To elden folke had made her elde	396	But semed to be ful ententyfe	436
So inly / that to my wetyng		To good werkes / and to fayre	
She might helpe her selfe nothyng		And therto she had on an hayre	
But turned ayen vnto childhede		Ne certes she was fatte nothyng	
She had nothyng her selfe to lede	400	But semed wery for fastyng	440
Ne wytte ne pythe in her holde		Of colour pale and dede was she	
More than a chylde of two yere olde		From her the gates aye werned be	
But nathelesse I trowe that she	403	Of paradyse / that blysful place	443
Was fayre somtyme / and fresshe to se		For suche folke maken leane her grace	
Whan she was in her rightful age		As Christ saythe in his Euangyle	
But she was paste al that passage		To gette hem prise in towne a whyle	
And was a doted thyng becomen	407	And for a lytel glory veigne	
A furred cappe on had she nōmen		They lesen god and eke his reigne.	448
Wel had she clad her selfe and warme		¶ And alderlast of euerychone	
For colde might els done her harme		Was paynted Pouert al alone	
These olde folke haue alway colde	411	That not a peny had in holde	
Her kynde is suche / whan they ben olde.		Al though she her clothes solde	452
¶ Another thyng was don there writ		And though she shulde an honged be	
That semed lyke an Ipocryt		For naked as a worme was she	
And it was cleped Pope Holy		And if the wether stormy were	455
That ilke is she / that priuely	416	For colde she shulde haue dyed there	

She ne had on but a strayte olde sacke	Of swete pytous songe they made
And many a cloute on it there stacke	For al this worlde it ought glade
This was her cote / and her mantele	And I myselfe so mery ferde
No more was there neuer adele 460	Whan I her blysful songes herde 500
To clothe her with / I vndertake	That for an hundred pounde wolde I
Great leyser had she to quake	If that the passage openly
And she was put / that I of talke 463	Had be vnto me free
Ferre fro these other / vp in an halke	That I nolde entren for to se 504
There lurked / and there coured she	Thassemble / god kepe it fro care
For poore thyng where so it be	Of byrdes / whiche therin ware
Is shamfaste / and dispysed aye	That songen through her mery throtes
Acursed may wel be that daye 468	Daunces of loue / and mery notes. 508
That poore man conceyued is	
For god wote al to selde iwys	Whan I thus herde foules synge
Is any poore man wel yfedde	I fel faste in a waymentyng
Or wel arayed or yclodde 472	By whiche arte / or by what engyn
Or wel beloued / in suche wyse	I might come in to that gardyn 512
In honour / that he may aryse.	But way I couthe fynde none
¶ Al these thinges wel auysed	In to that garden for to gone
As I haue you er this deuysed 476	Ne nought wyst I if that there were
With golde and asure ouer all	Eyther hole or place where 516
Depaynted were vpon the wall	By whiche I might haue entre
Square was the wall / and hygh somdele	Ne there was none to teche me
Enclosed / and ybarred wele 480	For I was al a lone I wys
¹ In stede of hegge / was that gardyn	For wo and anguisshe of this 520
Come neuer shepherde therin [1 f. 130, bk.]	Tyl at laste bethought I me
In to that gardyn / wel wrought 483	That by no way ne might it be
Who so that me coulde haue brought	That there nas ladder ne way to pace
By ladders / or els by degre	Or hole / in to so fayre a place
It wolde wel haue lyked me	Tho gan I go a ful great paas 525
For suche solace / suche ioy / and pley	Enuyron / euen in compas
I trowe that neuer man ne sey 488	The closyng of the square wall
As was in that place delycious	Tyl that I founde a wyeket small [130, bk. 2]
The gardyn was not daungerous	So shette / that I ne might in gone 529
To herberowe byrdes many one	And other entre was there none.
So ryche a yere was neuer none 492	
Of byrdes songe / and braunches grene	Vpon this dore I gan to smyte
Therin were byrdes mo I wene	That was fetys / and so lyte 532
Than ben in al the realme of Fraunce	For other way coulde I not seke
Ful blyssful was the accordaunce 496	Ful longe I shofe / and knocked eke

And stode ful longe al herkenyng		Wel semed by her apparayle [Fo. C. xxxi.]	
If that I herde any wight comyng	536	She was not wonte to great trauayle	576
Tyl that the dore of thylke entre		For whan she kempt was fetously	
A mayden curteys opened me		And wel arayed and richely	
Her heere was as yelowe of hewe		Than had she done al her iournee	
As any basen scoured newe	540	For merry and wel begon was she	580
Her flesshe tender as is a chyke		She ladde a lusty lyfe in May	
With bent browes / smothe and slyke		She had no thought / by night ne day	
And by mesure large were		Of nothyng / but if it were onely	
The openyng of her eyen clere	544	To grayth her wele and vncouthly.	584
Her nose of good proporcion			
Her eyen gray / as is a faucon		Whan that this dore had opened me	
With swete brethe / and wel sauoured		This May / semely for to se	
Her face whyte / and wel coloured	548	I thonked her as I best myght	587
With lytel mouthe and rounde to se		And asked her howe that she hyght	
A cloue chynne eke had she		And what she was / I asked eke	
Her necke was of good fassyon		And she to me was nought vnmeke	
In length and gretnesse by reson	552	Ne of her answeere daungerous	
Without bleyne / scabbe / or royne		But fayre answerde / and sayd thus	592
Fro Hierusalem vnto Burgoyne		Lo sir / my name is Idelnesse	
There nys a fayrer necke iwys		So clepe men me / more and lesse	
To fele howe smothe and softe it is	556	Ful mighty and ful ryche am I	
Her throte also whyte of hewe		And that of one thyng namely	596
As snowe on braunche snowed newe		For I entende to nothyng	
Of body ful wel wrought was she		But to my ioye / and my playeng	
Men neden not in no countre	560	And for to kembe and tresse me	
A fayrer body for to seke		Aquaynted am I and priue	600
And of fyne Orfrays had she eke		With Myrthe / lorde of this gardyne	
A chapelet / so semely on		That fro the lande of Alexandrine	
Ne wered neuer mayde vpon	564	Made the trees hyther be fette	
And fayre aboue that chapelet		That in this garden ben ysette	604
A rose garlande had she set		And whan the trees were woxen on	
She had a gay mirrour		hyght	
And with a ryche golde tressour	568	This wall / that stante here in thy syght	
Her heed was tressed queyntly		Dyd Myrthe enclosen al aboute	
Her sleues sewed fetously		And these ymages al without	608
And for to kepe her hondes fayre		He dyd hem both entayle and peynte	
Of gloues whyte she had a payre	572	That neyther ben iolyfe ne queynte	
And she had on a cote of grene		But they ben ful of sorowe and wo	
Of clouthe of Gaunt / withouten wene		As thou haste sene a whyle ago.	612

ANd ofte tyme him to solace
 Sir Myrthe cometh in to this place
 And eke with him cometh his meyne
 That lyuen in luste and iolyte 616
 And nowe is Myrthe therin / to here
 The byrdes howe they syngen clere
 The mausy and the nyghtyngale 619
 And other ioly byrdes smale
 And thus he walketh to solace [131, col. 2]
 Hym and his folke / for swetter place
 To playen in / he may not fynde 623
 Al though he sought one in tyl Inde
 The alther fayrest folke to se
 That in this worlde maye founde be
 Hath Myrthe with him in his route
 That folowen him alwayes aboute. 628

Whan Idelnesse had tolde al this
 And I had herkened wel iwys
 Than sayd I to dame Idelnesse
 Nowe also wisly god me blesse 632
 Sythe Myrthe / that is so fayre and fre
 Is in this yerde / with his meyne
 Fro thylke assemble / if I may
 Shal no man werne me to day 636
 That I this nyght ne mote it se
 For wel wene I there with him be
 A fayre and ioly companye
 Fulfylled of al curtesye 640
 And forthe without wordes mo
 In at the wicket went I tho
 That Ydelnesse had opened me
 In to that garden fayre to se. 644

And whan I was in iwys
 Myn herte was ful glad of this
 For wel wende I ful sykerly
 Haue ben in paradyse erthly 648
 So fayre it was / that trusteth well
 It semed a place espyrituell

For certes as at my deuysse
 There is no place in paradyse 652
 So good in for to dwell or be
 As in that garden thought me
 For there was many a byrde syngyng
 Throughout the yerde al thringyng 656
 In many places were nightyngales
 Alpes / fynches / and wodwales
 That in her swete songe delyten
 In thilke places as they habytten 660
 There might men se many flockes
 Of turtles and lauerockes
 Chalaundres fele sawe I there
 That wery nighte forsongen were 664
 And thrustels / teryns / and mauise
 That songen for to wyne hem prise
¹And eke to surmoun in her songe 667
 That other byrdes hem amonge [131 bk.
 By note made fayre seruyse
 These byrdes / that I you deuysse
 They songe her songe / as fayre and well
 As angels don espyrituell 672
 And trusteth me / whan I hem herde
 Ful lusty and wel I ferde
 For neuer yet suche melodye
 Was herde / of man that might dye 676
 Suche swete songe was hem amonge
 That me thought it no byrdes songe
 But it was wonder lyke to be
 Songe of Meremaydens of the see 680
 That for her syngyng is so clere
 Though we mermaydens clepe hem here
 In englisse / as is our vsaunce
 Men clepe hem Sereyns in Fraunce. 684

ENtentyfe weren for to syng
 These byrdes / that not vnkonnyng
 Were of her crafte / and aprentyse
 But of songe subtyl and wyse 688
 And certes / whan I herde her songe

And sawe the grene place amonge
 In herte I wext so wonder gay
 That I was neuer erst / er that day 692
 So iolyfe / nor so wel bygo
 Ne mery in herte / as I was tho
 And than wyste I / and sawe ful wel
 That ydelnesse me serued wel 696
 That me put in suche iolyte
 Her frende wel ought I for to be
 Sythe she the dore of that gardyn
 Had opened / and me lette in. 700

From hence forthe / howe that I
 wrought

I shall you telle / as me thought
 First wherof Myrthe serued there 703
 And eke what folke there with him were
 Without fable I wol discryue
 And of that garden eke as blyue
 I wol you tellen after this
 The fayre fassyon al iwys 708
 That wel wrought was for the nones
 I may not tel you al atones
 But as I may and can / I shal 711
 By order tellen you it al [131 bk., col. 2]

¹Ful fayre seruyce / and eke ful swete
 These byrdes maden as they sete
 Layes of loue / ful wel sownyng 715
 They songen in her iargonyng
 Some hye / and some eke lowe songe
 Vpon the braunches grene ispronge
 The swetnesse of her melodye
 Made al myn herte in reuelrye 720

And whan that I had herde I trowe
 These byrdes syngyng on a rowe
 Than might I not with holde me
 That I ne went in for to se 724
 Sir Myrthe / for my desyryng
 Was him to sene ouer al thyng
 His countenaunce and his manere

That syght was to me ful dere. 728

THo went I forthe on my right honde
 Downe by a lytel pathe I fonde
 Of myntes ful / and fenell grene
 And faste by without wene 732
 Syr Myrthe I founde / and right anon
 Vnto sir Myrthe gan I gon
 There as he was him to solace
 And with him / in that lusty place 736
 So fayre folke and so fresshe had he
 That whan I sawe / I wondred me

Fro whence suche folke might come 739
 So fayre they weren al and some
 For they were lyke / as to my syght
 To angels / that been fethered bright.

These folke / of which I tel you so
 Vpon a karole wenten tho 744

A lady karoled hem / that hyght
 Gladnesse / blysfyl and lyght
 Wel coulede she syng and lustely
 None halfe so wel and semely 748
 And couthe make in songe such re-
 fraynyng

It sate her wonder wel to syng
 Her voyce ful clere was and ful swete
 She was not rude ne vnmete 752
 But couthe ynough of suche doying
 As longeth vnto karollyng
 For she was wonte in euery place
 To syngen first / folke to solace 756
 For syngyng moste she gaue her to
 No crafte had she so lefe to do.

¹**T**Ho mightest thou karolles sene
 And folke daunce and mery bene
 And made many a fayre tournyng 761
 Vpon the grene grasse springyng
 There mightest thou se these flutours
 Mynstrales and eke ioglours [1 Fo. C. xxxii.]

That wel to synge dyd her payne	765	I was abashed neuer a dele
Some songe songes of Lorayne		But it to me lyked right wele
For in Loreyne her notes be		That Curtesy me cleped so <small>[ff. 132, col. 2]</small>
Ful swetter than in this cowntre	768	And bade me on the daunce go 808
There was many a tymbestere		For if I had durste certayne
And saylours / that I dare wele swere		I wolde haue karoled right fayne
Couthe her crafte ful parfetyl		As man that was to daunce right blythe
The tymbres vp ful subtely	772	Than gan I loken ofte sythe 812
They caste / and hente ful ofte		The shap / the bodyes / and the cheres
Vpon a fynger fayre and softe		The countenaunce and the maneres
That they fayled neuer mo		Of al the folke that daunsed there
Ful fetys damosels two	776	And I shal tel what they were. 816
Right yonge / and ful of semelyhede		
In kyrrels / and none other wede		Ful fayre was Myrthe / ful longe &
And fayre tressed euery tresse		hygh
Had Myrthe done for his noblesse	780	A fayrer man I neuer sygh
Amydde the carole for to daunce		As rounde as appel was his face
But herof lyeth no remembraunce		Ful roddy and whyte in euery place 820
Howe that they daunsed queyntly		Fetys he was and wel besey
That one wolde come al priuely	784	With metely mouthe / and eyen grey
Agayne that other / and whan they were		His nose by mesure wrought ful right
To gyther almoste / they threwe yfere		Cryspe was his heere / and eke ful bright
Her mouthes so / that through her play		His shulders of a large brede
It semed as they kyste alway	788	And smallysshe in the gyrdelstede
To dauncen wel couthe they the gyse		He semed lyke a purtreiture
What shulde I more to you deuyse		So noble he was of his stature 828
Ne bode I neuer thence go		So fayre / so ioly / and so fetyse
Whyles that I sawe hem daunce so	792	With lymmes wrought at poynt deuyse
Vpon the karoll wonder faste		Delyuer / smerte / and of great myght
I gan beholde / tyl at laste		Ne sawe thou neuer man so lyght 832
A lady gan me for to espye		Of berde vnneth had he nothyng
And she was cleped Curtesye	796	For it was in the first spring
The worshypful / the debonayre		Ful yonge he was / and mery of thought
I pray to god euer fall her fayre		And in samette / with byrdes wrought
Ful curteysly she called me	799	And with golde beten ful fetously
What do ye there Beau sire (q ^d she)		His body was clad ful richly
Come / and if it lyke you		Wrought was his robe in straunge gyse
To dauncen / daunseth with vs now		And al to slyttered for queyntyse 840
And I without taryeng		In many a place / lowe and hye
Went in to the karollyng	804	And shode he was with great maystrye

With shone decoped / and with lace		And ladyes put at lowe degre	
By drury / and by solace	844	Whan he may hem to proude se.	884
His leefe a rosen chapelet			
Had made / and on his heed it set		This god of loue of his fascioun	
And wete ye who was his sefe	847	Was lyke no knaue / ne quystroun	
Dame Gladnesse there was him so lefe		His beutie greatly was to prise	
That syngeth so wel with glad corage		But of his robe to deuyse	888
That from she was twelue yere of age		I drede encombred for to be	
She of her loue graunt him made		For not yeladde in sylke was he	
Sir Myrthe her by the fynger hade	852	But al in floures and flourettes	
Daunsyng / and she him also		Ypaynted al with amorettes	892
Great loue was a twyxt hem two <small>[132 bk.]</small>		And with losenges and scochons	
Both were they fayre and bright of hewe		With byrdes / lyberdes / and lyons	
She semed lyke a rose newe	856	And other beestes wrought ful wele	
Of colours / and her flesshe so tendre		His garnement was euerydele	896
That with a breere smale and tendre		Ypurtrayed and ywrought with flours	
Men might it cleue / I dare wel sey		By dyuers medelyng of colours	
Her forheed frounceles al pley	860	Floures there were of many gyse	899
Bent were her browes two		Yset by compace in a syse <small>[1 132 bk., col. 2]</small>	
Her eyen gray / and glad also		¹ There lacked no floure to my dome	
That laugheden aye in her semblaunt		Ne not so moche as floure of brome	
First or the mouthe by couenaunt	864	Ne vyolet / ne eke peruyne	903
I wot not what of her nose I shal discryue		Ne floure non / that men can on thynke	
So fayre hath no woman a lyue		And many a rose lefe ful longe	
Her heere was yelowe / and clere shynyng		Was entermedled there amonge	
I wot no lady so lykynge	868	And also on his heed was set	
Of Orfrayes fresshe / was her garlande		Of roses reed a chapelet	908
I whiche sene haue a thousande		But nightyngales a ful great route	
Sawe neuer iwys no garlande yet		That flyen ouer his heed aboute	
So wel wrought of sylke as it	872	The leaues felden as they flyen	
And in an ouergylte samyte		And he was al with byrdes wrien	912
Cladde she was / by great delyte		With poppingay / with nightyngale	
Of whiche her leefe a robe werde		With chalaundre / and with wodewale	
The meryer she in her herte ferde	876	With fynche / with larke / & with arch- angell	
And next her went / on her other syde		He semed as he were an angell	916
The god of loue / that can deuyde		That downe were comen fro heuen clere	
Loue / and as him lyketh it be		Loue had with him a bachelere	
But he can cherles daunten / he:	880	That he made always with him be	
And maken folkes pride fallen		Swete Lokyng / cleped was he	920
And he can wel these lordes thrallen			

This bacheler stode beholdyng
The daunce / and in his honde holdyng
Turke bowes two / ful wel deuysed
had he

That one of hem was of a tree 924

That beareth a fruite of sauoure wicke

Ful croked was that foule stycke

And knotty here and there also

And black as bery / or any slo 928

That other bowe was of a plante

Without wemme / I dare warrante

Ful euen and by proporcioun 931

Trectes & longe / of ful good facyoun

And it was paynted wel and twhitten

And ouer al diapred and written

With ladyes and with bacheleres

Ful lyghtsome and glad of cheres 936

These bowes two helde Swete Lokyng

That semed lyke no gadlyng

And ten brode arrowes helde he there

Of whiche fyue in his righthonde were

But they were shauen wel and dyght

Nocked / and fethered aryght

And al they were with golde begon

And stronge poynted euerychon 944

And sharpe for to keruen wele

But yron was there none ne stele

For al was golde / men might se

Out take the fethers and the tree. 948

¹The swyftest of these arrowes fyue

Out of a bowe for to driue 950

And best fethered for to flye [Fo. C. xxxiii.]

And fayrest eke / was cleped Beautie

That other arowe / that hurteth lesse

Was cleped (as I trowe) Symplesse

The thyrd cleped was Fraunchyse

That fethered was in noble wyse 956

With valour and with curtesye

The fourthe was cleped companye

That heuy for to shoten is

But who so shoteth right iwys 960

May therwith don great harme and wo

The fyfte of these / and laste also

Fayre Semblaunt men that arowe call

The leest greuous of hem all 964

Yet can it make a full great wounde

But he may hope his sores sounde

That hurte is with that arowe iwys

His wo the bette bestowed is 968

For he may soner haue gladnesse

His langour ought be the lesse.

Fyue arowes were of other gyse

That ben ful foule to deuyse 972

For shafte and ende / sothe for to tell

Were also blacke as fende in hell

The first of hem is called Pride

That other arowe next hym besyde 976

It was cleped Vylanye

That arowe was / as with felonye

Enuemymed / and with spytous blame

The thirde of hem was cleped Shame

The fourthe Wanhope cleped is 981

The fyfte the Newe thought iwys.

These arowes that I speke of here

Were al fyue on one manere 984

And al were they resemblable

To hem was wel syttyng and able

The foule croked bowe hydous

That knotty was / and al roynous 988

That bowe semed wel to shete

These arowes fyue / that ben vnmete

And contrarye to that other fyue

But though I tell not as blyue 992

Of her power / ne of her myght

Herafter shall I tellen right [11. 132, col. 2]

¹The sothe / and eke signyfyauce

As ferre as I haue remembraunce 996

Al shal be sayd I vndertake
 Er of this booke an ende I make.
 Nowe come I to my tale agayne
 But alderfirst / I wol you sayne 1000
 The fassyon and the countenaunces
 Of al the folke that on the daunce is
 The god of Loue iolyfe and lyght
 Ladde on his honde a lady bright 1004
 Of hygh prise / and of great degre
 This lady called was Beaute
 And an arowe / of whiche I tolde
 Ful wel thewed was she holde 1008
 Ne she was derke ne browne / but bright
 And clere as the moone lyght
 Agayne whom al the sterres semen
 But smale candels / as we demen 1012
 Her flesshe was tendre as dewe of floure
 Her chere was symple as byrde in boure
 As whyte as lylve or rose in ryse
 Her face gentyll and trefyse
 Fetys she was / and smale to se
 No wyntred browes had she 1018
 Ne popped her / for it neded nought
 To wyndre her / or to paynte her ought
 Her tresses yelowe / and longe straughten
 Vnto her heles downe they raughten
 Her nose / her mouthe / & eye and cheke
 Wel wrought / and al the remenaunt eke
 A ful great sauour and a swote 1025
 Me thought in myn herte rote
 As helpe me god / whan I remembre
 Of the fassyon of euery membre 1028
 In worlde is none so fayre a wight
 For yonge she was / and hewed bright
 Sore plesaunt / and fetys with all
 Gent / and in her myddell small 1032
 Besyde Beaute yede Rychesse
 And hyght lady of great noblesse
 And great of price in euery place
 But who so durste to her trespace 1036

Or tyl her folke / in werke or dede
 He were ful hardy out of drede
 For bothe she helpe and hyndre may
 And that is not of yesterday 1040
 That ryche folke haue ful great myght
 To helpe / and eke to greue a wight [133 bk.]
 The best and greatest of valour
 Dydden Rychesse ful great honour 1044
 And besy weren her to serue
 For that they wolde her loue deserue
 They cleped her Lady great and smal
 This wyde worlde her dredeth al 1048
 This worlde is al in her daungere
 Her courte hath many a losengere
 And many a traytour enuyous
 That ben ful besy and curious 1052
 For to dispreyse / and to blame
 That best deseruen loue and name
 To forne the folke hem to begylen
 These losyngeours hem preyse and smy-
 len 1056
 And thus the worlde with worde
 anoynten
 But afterwarde they prill and poynten
 The folke / right to the bare bone 1059
 Behynde her backe whan they ben gone
 And foule abaten folkes prise
 Ful many a worthy man and wyse
 Han hyndred / and ydon to dye /
 These losyngeours with her flatery 1064
 And maketh folke ful straunge be
 There as hem ought ben pryue
 Wel yuel mote they thryue and thee
 And yuel aryued mote they be 1068
 These losengeours ful of enuy
 No good man loueth her company.
 Rychesse a robe of purple on hadde
 Ne trowe nat that I lye or madde 1072
 For in this worlde is none it lyche

Ne by a thousande dele so riche	It is a wonder thyng to here	1114
Ne none so fayre / for it ful wele	For no man coulde preyse or gesse	
With Orfreys leyde was euerydele	Of hem the value or richesse	1076
And purtrayde in the rybanynges	Rubyes there were / Saphirs / Ragounces	
Of dukes stories / and of kynges	And Emeraudes / more than two ounces	
And with a bende of golde tassyled	But al before ful subtelly	1119
And knoppes fyre of golde amyled	A fyne Charboncle sette sawe I	
Aboute her necke of gentyl entayle	The stone so clere was and so bright	
Was shette the riche Cheuesayle	That al so sone as it was nyght	1082
In whiche there was ful great plente	Men myght sene to go for nede	1123
Of stones clere / and fayre to se.	A myle or two / in length and brede	
¶ Richesse a gyrdel had vpon	Suche lyght sprange out of the stone	
The bokell of it was of a ston	That Richesse wonder bright shone	1086
Of vertue great / and mokel of myght	Bothe her heed / and al her face	
For who so bare the stone so bright	And eke aboute her al the place	1128
Of venym durst him nothyng dout	Dame Rychesse on her honde gan lede	[133 bk., col. 2]
Whyle he the stone had hym about	A yonge man ful of semelyhede	
That stone was greatly for to loue	That she best loued of any thyng	
And tyl a riche mannes behoue	His luste was moche in housholdyng	1092
Worthe al the golde in Rome / and Fryse	In clothyng was he ful fetyse	1133
The Mourdant wrought in noble gyse	And loued wel to haue horse of prise	
Was of a stone ful precious	He wende to haue reprodre be	
That was so fyne and vertuous	Of thefte or murdre / if that he	1096
That whole a man it couthe make	Had in his stable an hackenay	[Fo. C. xxxiiii.]
Of palsye / and of tothe ake	And therefore he desyred aye	
And yet the stone had suche a grace	To ben aqueynted with Richesse	
That he was seker in euery place	For al his purpose / as I gesse	1140
Al thylke day not blynde to bene	Was for to make great dispence	
That fastyng might that stone sene	Withouten warnyng or defence	
The barres were of golde ful fyne	And Richesse myght it wele sustene	
Vpon a tyssue of Satyne	And her dispences wele mayntene	1104
Ful heuy / great / and nothyng lyght	And hym alway suche plentie sende	
In eueryche was a besaunt wyght	Of golde and syluer for to spende	
Vpon the tresses of rychesse	Without lackyng or daungere	
Was set a cercle for noblesse	As it were pourde in a garnere.	1148
Of brende golde / that ful lyght shone		
So fayre trowe I was neuer none	And after on the daunce went	
But he were konnyng for the nones	Largesse / that sette al her entent	
That coulde deuyse al the stones	For to ben honorable and free	1112
That in that cercle shewen clere	Of Alexanders kynne was she	

Her most ioye was ywis	Vnto a lady made present	1192
Whan that she yafe / and said : haue this	Of a golde broche / ful wel wrought	
Nat Auarice the foule caytife	And certes it missate her nought	
Was halfe to grype so ententyfe	For through her smocke wrought with	
As Largesse is / to yeue and spende	sylke	1195
And god alway ynowe her sende	The flesshe was sene as whyte as mylke	
So that the more she yaue awaye	Largesse / that worthy was and wyse	
The more ywis she had alwaye	Helde by the honde a knyght of prise	1160
Great loos hath Largesse / and great prise	Was sybbe to Arthour of Breteigne	
For bothe wyse folke and vnwyse	And that was he that bare the enseigne	
Were wholly to her bandon brought	Of worshyp / and the Gousfauncoun	
So wel with yettes hath she wrought	And yet he is of suche renoun	
And if she had an enemy	That men of hym say fayre thynges	1165
I trowe that she couthe craftely	Before barons / erles / and kynges	1204
Make hym ful soone her frende to be	This knyght was comen al newly	
So large of yettes / and wyse was she	Fro tourneyeng faste by	
Therefore she stode in loue and grace	There had he done great chyualrie	
Of riche and poore in euery place	Through his vertue and his maystrie	
A ful great foole is he ywis	And for the loue of his lemman	1209
That bothe riche and poore / and ny-	He caste downe many a doughty man	
garde is	And nexte hym daunced dame Fraun-	
A lorde may haue no maner vyce	chise	
That greueth more than auarice	Arayed in ful noble gyse	1212
For nygarde neuer with strength of hande	She nas nat browne ne dunne of hewe	
May wynne hym great lordship or lande	As white as snowe yfallen newe	
For frendes al to fewe hath he	Her nose was wrought at poynt deuyse	1177
To done his wyl performed be	For it was gentyl and tretyse	1216
And who so wol haue frendes here	With eyen glade / and browes bent	
He may nat holde his treasour dere	Her heer downe to her heles went	
For by ensample tel I this	And she was symple as downe on tree	1181
Right as an adamant ywis	Ful debonayre of hert was she	1220
Can drawn to hym subtelly	She durst neither saye ne do	[ff. 134, col. 2]
¹ The yron / that is layde therby	But that / that hyr longeth to	1184
So draweth folkes hertes iwys	And if a man were in distresse	
Syluer and golde that yeuen is	And for her loue in heynesse	1224
Largesse had on a robe fresshe	Her herte wolde haue ful great pyte	
Of riche purple Sarlynysse	She was so amyable and free	1188
Wel fourmed was her face and clere	For were a man for her bestadde	
And opened had she her colere	She wolde ben right sore a dradde	1228
For she right there had in present	That she dyd ouer great outrage	

But she hym holpe his harme taswage
 Her thought it al a vylanye
 And she had on a suckeny [134 bk.] 1232
 That nat of hempe heerdes was
 So fayre was none in al Arras
 Lorde it was ryddeled fetysly
 There nas nat a poynt trewly 1236
 That it nas in his right assyse
 Ful wel yclothed was Fraunchise
 For there nys no clothe sytteth bette
 On damosel / than dothe rokette 1240
 A woman wel more fetyse is
 In rokette / than in cote ywis
 The white rokette ryddeled fayre
 Betokeneth that ful debonayre 1244
 And swete was she that it bere
 By her daunced a Bachelere
 I can nat tellen you what he hyght
 But fayre he was and of good hyght
 Al had he ben / I saye no more 1249
 The lordes sonne of Wyndesore.
 ¶ And next that daunced Curtesy
 That preyed was of lowe and hye 1252
 For neither proude ne fole was she
 She for to daunce called me
 I pray god gyue her good grace
 For whan I come first in to the place
 She nas nat nyce / ne outrageous 1257
 But wyse and ware / and vertuous
 Of fayre speche / and fayre answe
 Was neuer wight myssayde of here
 She bare no rancour to no wyght 1261
 Clere browne she was / and therto bright
 Of face and body auenaunt
 I wotte no lady so plesaunt
 She were worthy for to bene 1265
 An emperesse or crowned quene.
 And by her went a knyght dauncyng
 That worthy was and wel spekyng
 And ful wel coude he done honour

That knyght was fayre and styffe in stour
 And in armure a semely man 1271
 And welbeloued of his lemman.
 ¶ Fayre Idelnesse than saugh I
 That alwaye was me fast by
 Of her haue I without fayle 1275
 Tolde you the shappe and appareyle
 For (as I sayd) Lo / that was she
 That dyd to me so great bounte
 She the gate of that gardyn 1279
 Vndyd / and let me passen in [If 134, bk.,
 col. 2]
 And after daunced as I gesse
 And she fulfilled of lustynesse
 That nas not yet .xii. yere of age 1283
 With herte wylde / and thought volage
 Nyce she was / but she ne mente
 None harme ne sleight in her entente
 But onely lust and iolyte
 For yonge folke / wel weten ye 1288
 Haue lytel thought / but on her play
 Her lemman was besyde alway
 In suche a gyse that he her kyste
 At al tymes that him lyste 1292
 That al the daunce myght it se
 They make no force of preuyte
 For who so spake of hem yuel or wele
 They were a shamed neuer a dele 1296
 But men might sene hem kysse there
 As it two yonge dowues were
 For yonge was thylke bachelere
 Of beaute wot I non his pere 1300
 And he was right of suche an age
 As Youthe his lefe / and suche corage
 The lusty folke that daunced there
 And also other that with hem were
 That weren al of her meyne 1305
 Ful hende folke / wyse / and free
 And folke of fayre porte truely
 There were al comenly 1308
 Whan I had sene the countenaunces

Of hem that ladden thus these daunces
 Than had I wyl to gon and se
 The gardyn that so lyked me 1312
 And loken on these fayre Laurelles
 On Pyne trees / Cedres / and Olmeres (*sic*)
 The daunces than ended were
 For many of hem that daunced there
 Were with her loues went away 1317
 Under the trees to haue her play.

A Lorde they lyued lustely
 A great foole were he sykerly 1320
 That nolde his thankes suche lyfe lede
 For this dare I sayne out of drede
 That who so myght so wel fare
 For better lyfe durst him not care 1324
 For there nys so good paradyse
 As to haue a lone at his deuysel
 Out of that place went I tho [leaf 135]
 And in that gardyn gan I go 1328
 Playeng a longe ful merily
 The god of Loue ful hastily
 Unto him Swete Lokyng clepte
 No lenger wolde he that she kept 1332
 His bowe of golde / that shone so bright
 He had him bent anon right
 And he ful some sette an ende
 And at a brayde he gan it bende 1336
 And toke him of his arowes fyue
 Ful sharpe and redy for to driue
 Nowe god that sytteth in maieste
 Fro deedly woundes he kepe me 1340
 If so be that he had me shete
 For if I with his arowe mete
 It had me greued sore ywis
 But I that nothyng wyste of this 1344
 Went vp and downe / ful many a way
 And he me folowed faste alway
 But no where wolde I rest me
 Tyll I had in al the gardyn be. 1348

THe gardyn was by mesuryng
 Right euen and square in com-
 pasyng
 It as longe was as it was large
 Of fruite had euery tree his charge 1352
 But it were any hydous tree
 Of whiche there were two or thre
 There were / and that wote I ful wele
 Of Pome garnettes a ful great dele 1356
 That is a frute ful welle to lyke
 Namely to folke whan they ben syke
 And trees there were / great foyson
 That baren nuttes in her season 1360
 Suche as men notemygges call
 That swote of sauour ben withall
 And Almandres great plente
 Fygges / and many a date tre 1364
 There weren / if men had nede
 Through the gardyn / in lenght and brede
 There was eke wexyng many a spyce
 As clowe gylofre / and lycorice 1368
 Gyngere / and greyn de Parys
 Canell / and setewale of pris
 And many a spyce delytable
 To eeten whan men ryse fro table 1372
 And many homely trees ther were
 That peches / coynes / and apples bere
 Medlers / plommes / peeres / chesteynis
 Cheryse / of whiche many one fayne is
 Notes / aleys / and bolas 1377
 That for to sene it was solas
 With many hygh laurer / and pyne
 Was renged clene al that gardyne 1380
 With Cipres / and with Olyueris
 Of whiche that nygh no plenty here is
 There were Elmes great and stronge
 Maples / asshe / oke / aspe / planes longe
 Fyne ewe / popler / and lyndes fayre
 And other trees ful many a payre 1386
 What shulde I tel you more of it?

There were so many trees yet	1388	That therthe was of suche a grace	1428
That I shulde al encombred be		That it of floures hath plente	
Er I had rekened eury tree		That bothe in somer and wynter be	
These trees were sette that I deuysed		There sprange the vyolet al newe	
One from another in assyse		And fresshe peruyinke riche of hewe	
Fyue fadome or sixe / I trowe so		And floures yelowe / white / and rede	
But they were hye and great also	1394	Suche plente grewe there neuer in mede	
And for to kepe out wel the sonne		Ful gaye was al the grounde and queynt	
The croppes were so thicke yronne		And poudred / as men had it peynt	
And eury braunche in other knytte		With many a fresshe and sondrie floure	
And ful of grene leues sytte		That casten vp ful good sauour	1438
That sonne myght there none discende		I wol nat longe holde you in fable	
Lest the tender grasses shende	1400	Of al this gardyn dilectable	
There myght men Does and Roes y se		I mote my tonge stynten nede	
And of squyrels ful great plente		For I ne maye withouten drede	
From bowe to bowe alway lepyng		Naught tellen you the beaute al	
Connes there were also playenge	1404	Ne halfe the bounte there with al	1444
That comyn out of her clapers		I went on right honde and on left	
Of sondrie colours and maners		Aboute the place / it was nat left	
And maden many a tourneyng	1407	Tyl I had al the garden bene	
Vpon the fresshe grasse spryngyng		In the efters that men myght sene	1448
In places sawe I welles there		And thus while I wente in my playe	
In whiche there no frogges were		The god of loue me folowed aye	
And fayre in shadowe was eury wel		Right as an hunter can abyde	
But I ne can the nombre tel	1412	The best / tyl he seeth his tyde	1452
Of stremys smal that by deuysed		To shoten at goodmesse to the dere	
Myrthe had done come through condyse		Whan that hym nedeth go no nere	
Of whiche the water in rennyng		And so befyl / I rested me	
Gan make a noyse ful lykyng	1416	Besydes a wel vnder a tree	1456
About the brinkes of these welles		Which tree in Fraunce men cal a Pyne	
And by the stremes ouer al elles		But sithe the tyme of kyng Pepyne	
Sprange vp the grasse / as thicke yset		Ne grewe there tree in mannes syght	
And softe as any veluet	1420	So fayre / ne so wel woxe in hight	1460
On whiche men myght his lēman ley		In al that yarde so high was none	
As on a fetherbed to play	[leaf 135, back]	And springyng in a marble stone	
For the erthe was ful softe and swete		Had nature set / the sothe to tel	
Through moisture of the wel wete		Vnder that pyne tree a wel	1464
Spronge vp the sote grene gras	1425	And on the border al without	
As fayre / as thicke / as myster was		Was written in the stone about	
But moche amended it the place		Letters smal / that sayden taus	

Here starfe the fayre Narcisus.	1468	And was for thurst in great distresse
Narcisus was a bachelere		Of herte / and of his werynesse
That loue had caught in his dangere		That had his brethe almost be nomen
And in his nette gan hym so strayne		Whan he was to that wel ycomen
And dyd him so to wepe and playne		That shadowed was with braunches
That nede him must his lyfe forgo	1473	grene
For a fayre lady that hight Echo		He thought of thilke water shene
Him loued ouer any creature		To drinke / and fresshe hym wele withal
And gan for hym suche payne endure		And downe on knees he gan to fal
That on a tyme she him tolde	1477	And forthe his necke and heed out
That if he her louen nolde		straught
That her behoued nedes dye		To drynke of that wel a draught
There laye none other remedy	1480	And in the water anon was sene
But nathelesse for his beaute		His nose / his mouthe / his eyen shene
So feirs and daungerous was he		And he therof was al abasshed
That he nolde graunten her askyng		His owne shadowe had him betrasshed
For wepyng / ne for fayre prayeng	1484	For wel wende he the forme se
And whan she herde hym werne her so		Of a chylde of great beaute
She had in hert so great wo		Well couthe loue him wreke tho
And toke it in so great dispyte		Of daunger and of pride also
That she without more respyte	1488	That Narcisus somtyme him bere
Was deed anon : but ere she deyde		He quytte him wel his guerdon there
Ful pitously to god she prayde		For he mused so in the well
That proude herted Narcisus		That shortely the sothe to tell
That was in loue so daungerous	1492	He loued his owne shadowe so
Might on a day ben hampred so		That at laste he starfe for wo
For loue / and ben so hote for wo		For whan he sawe that he his wyll
That neuer he myght to ioye attayne		Might in no maner way fulfyll
Than shulde he fele in euery vayne	1496	And that he was so faste caught
What sorowe trewe louers maken		That he him couthe comferte naught
That ben so vilaynously forsaken.		He loste his wytte / right in that place
		And deyde within a lytell space
		1536
		And thus his waryson he toke
		For the lady that he forsoke
		Ladyes I praye ensample taketh
		Ye that ayenst your loue mistaketh
		For if her dethe be you to wyte
		1541
		God can ful wel your whyle quyte.
		When that this lettre / of whiche I tell

THis prayer was but resonable
 Therefore god helde it ferme & stable
 For Narcisus shortly to tel 1501
 By auenture came to that wel
 To rest him in the shadowyng
 A day / whan he come from huntynge
 This Narcisus had suffred paynes 1505
 For rennyng al day in the playnes

Had taught me that it was the welle		And for to don you to vnderstonde	
Of Narcisus in his beaute	1545	To make ensample wol I fonde	1584
I gan anon withdrawe me		Right as a myrroure openly	
Whan it fell in my remembraunce		Sheweth al thyng that stondesth therby	
That him betyd suche mischaunce		As wel the colour / as the fygure	
But at the laste than thought I	1549	Withouten any couerture	1588
That scathlesse / ful sykerly		Right so the cristall stone shynyng	
I myght vnto the welle go		Withouten any disceyuyng	
Wherof shulde I abasshen so	1552	The entrees of the yerde accuseth	
Vnto the welle than went I me		To him that in the water museth	1592
And downe I louted for to se		For euer in whiche halfe that ye be	
The clere water in the stone	1555	Ye may wel halfe the gardyne se	
And eke the grauel / whiche that shone		And if he turne / he may right wele	
Downe in the botome / as syluer fyne		Sene the remenaunt eury dele	1596
For of the welle / this is the fyne	1558	For there is none so lytel thyng	
In worlde is none so clere of hewe		So hydde ne closed with shyttyng	
The water is euer fresshe and newe		That it ne is sene / as though it were	
That welmeth vp / with wawes bright		Paynted in the cristall there	1600
The mountenaunce of two fynger hight		This is the myrroure perillus	
Aboute it is grasse springyng	1563	In whiche the proude Narcisus	
¹ For moyste so thycke and wel lykynge		Sey al his fayre face bright	
That it ne may in wynter dye	^[1 if. 136, col. 2]	That made hym sithe to lye vpright	
No more than may the sec be drye.		For who so loke in that myrroure	1605
D owne at the botomn set sawe I		There maye nothyng ben his socour	
Two cristall stones craftely	1568	That he ne shal there se somthyng	
In thilke fresshe and fayre well		That shal hym lede in to laughyng.	
But o thyng sothly dare I tell		Ful many a worthy man hath it	
That ye wol holde a great meruayle		Yblent / for folke of greatest wyt	1610
Whan it is tolde / withouten fayle	1572	Ben soone caught here and wayted	
For whan the sonne clere in syght		Withouten respyte ben they bayted	^[136, bk.]
Caste in that welle his bemes bright		Here cometh to folke of newe rage	
And that the heete discended is	1575	Here chaungeth many wight corage.	
Than taketh the cristall stone ywis		Here lythe no rede ne wytte therto	
Agayne the sonne an hundred hewes		For Venus sonne / dan Cupido	1616
Blewe / yelow / and reed that fressh		Hath sownen there of loue the sede	
& newe is	1578	That helpe ne lythe there none / ne rede	
Yet hath the meruaylous cristall		So cercleth it the welle aboute	
Suche strength / that the place ouer all		His gynnes hath he set withoute	1620
Both foule and tree / and leues grene		Right for to catche in his panteris	
And all the yerde in it is sene		These damosels and bachelers	

Loue wyl none other byrde catche
 Though he set eyther nette or latche
 And for the sede that here was sowen
 This welle is cleped / as wel is knowen
 The welle of Loue / of very right 1627
 Of whiche there hath ful many a wight
 Spoken in bokes dyuersely
 But they shul neuer so verily
 Discripcion of the welle here
 Ne eke the sothe of this matere 1632
 As ye shul / whan I haue vndo
 The crafte that her belongeth to.

Allway me lyked for to dwell
 To sene the christall in the well
 That shewed me ful openly 1637
 A thousand thynges faste by
 But I may say in sory houre
 Stode I to loken or to powre 1640
 For sythen I sore syghed
 That Myrroure hath me nowe entriked
 But had I first knowen in my wyt
 The vertue and strengthes of it 1644
 I nolde not haue mused there
 Me had bette ben els where
 For in the snare I fell anone
 That had bytressed many one 1648
 In thylke Myrroure sawe I tho
 Amonge a thousande thynges mo
 A Roser charged ful of rosis
 That with an hedge aboute enclosis 1652
 Tho had I suche luste and enuye
 That for Parys ne for Pauye
 Nolde I haue lefte to gone and se
 There greatest heape of roses be 1656
 When I was with this rage hente
 That caught hath many a man and shente
 Towarde the Roser gan I go
 And whan I was not ferre therfro 1660
 The sauour of the roses swote

Me smote right to the herte rote
 As I had al enbaumed me
 And if I ne had endouted me 1664
 To haue ben hated or assayled
 My thankes wol I not haue fayled
 To pull a rose of al that route
 To bere in myn honde aboute 1668
 And smellen to it where I went
 But euer I dredde me to repent
 And leste it greued or forthought 1671
 The lorde that thilke gardyn wrought
 Of roses there were great wone
 So fayre ware neuer in Rone
 Of knoppes close / some sawe I there
 And some wel better woxen were 1676
 And some there ben of other moyson
 That drowe nygh to her season
 And spedde hem faste for to sprede
 I loue wel suche roses rede 1680
 For brode roses / and open also
 Ben passed in a day or two
 But knoppes wyl fresshe be
 Two dayes at leest / or els thre 1684
 The knoppes greatly lyked me
 For fayrer may there no man se
 Who so might haue one of all
 It ought him ben ful lefe withall 1688
 Might I garlonde of hem gotten
 For no richesse I wolde it leten
 Among the knoppes I chese one
 So fayre / that of the remenaunt none
 Ne preyse I halfe so wel as it 1693
 Whan I auyse in my wyt
 For it so wel was enlumyned
 With colour reed / as wel fyned 1696
 As nature couthe it make fayre
 And it hath leaues wel foure payre
 That kynde hath set through his
 knowyng
 Aboute the redde roses springyng 1700

The stalke was as rysshe right
 And theron stode the knoppe vpright
 That it ne bowed vpon no syde
 The swote smell spronge so wyde 1704
 That it dyed al the place aboute
 Whan I had smelled the sauour swote
 No wyl had I fro thence yet go (ll. 137)
 But somdele nere it went I tho 1708
 To take it / but myn honde for drede
 Ne durste I to the Rose bede
 For thystels sharpe of many maners
 Netles / thornes / and hoked briers 1712
 For moche they distourbled me
 For sore I dradde to harmed be.

THe god of Loue / with bowe bent
 That al day set had his talent
 To pursue and to spyen me 1717
 Was stondyng by a fygge tree
 And whan he sawe howe that I
 Had chosen so ententify 1720
 The bothum more vnto my paye
 Than any other that I say
 He toke an arowe / ful sharply whette
 And in his bowe whan it was sette 1724
 He streight vp to his eere drough
 The stronge bowe / that was so tough
 And shotte at me so wonder smerte
 That through myn eye vnto myn herte
 The takel smote / and depe it wente
 And therwithal suche colde me hente
 That vnder clothes warme and softe
 Sythen that day I haue chyuered ofte
 Whan I was hurte thus in stounde
 I fell downe platte vnto the grounde
 Myn herte fayled / and faynted aye
 And longe tyme in swoune I laye 1736
 But whan I came out of swounyng
 And had wytte / and my felyng
 I was al mate / and wende ful wele 1739

Of bloode haue lorne a ful great dele
 But certes the arowe that in me stooode
 Of me ne drewe no droppe of bloode
 For why / I founde my woundes all drey
 Than toke I with myn hondes twey
 The arowe / and ful faste it out plyght
 And in the pullung sore I syght
 So at the laste the shafte of tree 1747
 I drough out / with the fethers thre
 But yet the hoked heed ywis
 The whiche Beaute called is
 Gan so depe in myn herte pace
 That I it might not arace 1752
 But in myn hert styl it stooode
 Al bledde I not a droppe of bloode
 I was bothe anguysshou and trouble
 For the peryll that I sawe double 1756
 I nyste what to say or do
 Ne get a leche my woundes to
 For neyther through grasse ne rote
 Ne had I helpe of hope ne bote 1760
 But to the bothum euer mo
 Myn herte drewe / for al my wo
 My thought was in none other thyng
 For had it ben in my keypyng 1764
 It wolde haue brought my lyfe agayne
 For certes euenly / I dare wel sayne
 The sight onely / and the sauoure
 Alegged moche of my langoure 1768
 Than gan I for to drawe me
 Towarde the Bothom fayre to se
 And Loue had get him in his throwe
 Another arowe in to his bowe 1772
 And for to shote gan hym dresse
 The arowes name was Symplesse
 And whan that Loue gan nygh me nere
 He drowe it vp withouten were 1776
 And shotte at me with al his myght
 So that this arowe anon right
 Throughout eygh as it was founde

In to myn herte hath made a wounde	Brent chylde of fyre hath moche drede
Than I anon dyd al my craft 1781	And certes yet for al my peyne 1821
For to drawen out the shafte	Though that I sygh / yet arowes reyne
And therwithal I syghed efte	And grounde quarels / sharpe of steele
But in myn herte the heed was lefte	Ne for no payne that I might fele 1824
Which aye encrested my desyre 1785	Yet might I not my selfe with holde
Unto the bothom drowe I nere	The fayre Roser to beholde
And euermo that me was wo	For Loue me yaue suche hardyment
The more desyre had I to go 1788	For to fulfyll his cōmaundement 1828
Unto the Roser / where that grewe	Upon my fete I rose vp than
The fresshe bothom / so bright of hewe	Feble / as a forwounded man
Better me were to haue letten be	And forthe to gon might I sette
But it behoued nede me 1792	And for the archer nolde I lette 1832
To don right as myn herte badde	Towarde the Roser faste I drowe
For euer the body muste be ladde	But thornes sharpe / mo than ynowe
After the herte / in wele and wo	There were / and also thystels thicke
Of force togyder they muste go 1796	And breres brimme for to pricke 1836
But neuer this archer wolde fyne	That I ne myght get grace
To shote at me with al his pyne	The roughe thornes for to pace
And for to make me to him mete	To sene the Roses fresshe of hewe
The thirde arowe he gan to shete 1800	I muste abyde / though it me rewe 1840
Whan best his tyme he myght espye	The hedge aboute so thycke was
The whiche was named Curtesye [137, back]	That closed the Roses in compas
In to myne herte it dyd auale 1803	But o thyng lyked me right wele
Aswoun I fel / bothe deed and pale	I. was so nyghe / I myght fele 1844
Longe tyme I lay / and styrred nought	Of the bothom the swote odoure
Tyl I abrayde out of my thought	And also se the fresshe coloure
And faste than I auysed me	And that right greatly lyked me
To drawe out the shafte of tree 1808	That I so nere might it se 1848
But euer the heed was lefte behynde	Such ioye anon therof had I
For aught I couthe pull or wynde	That I forgate my maladye
So sore it stycked whan I was hytte	To sene I had suche delyte
That by no craft I myght it flytte 1812	Of sorowe and angre I was al quyte 1852
But anguysshous and ful of thought	And of my woundes that I had thore
Ilefte suche wo / my wounde aye wrought	For no thyng lyken me myght more
That somoned me alway to go	Than dwellen by the Roser aye
Towarde the Rose / that plesed me so	And thence neuer to passe awaye 1856
But I ne durste in no manere 1817	But whan a whyle I had be thare
Bycause the archer was so nere	The god of Loue / whiche al to share
For euermore gladly as I rede	Myn herte with his arowes kene

Casteth him to yeue me woundes grene		It spredde aboute in euery syde	1900
He shotte at me ful hastely	1861	Thorough whose vertue / and whose myght	
An arowe named Company		Myn herte ioyful was and lyght	
The whiche takell is ful able		I had ben deed and al to shent	
To make these ladyes merciablen	1864	But for the precious oyntment	1904
Than I anon gan chaungen hewe		The shafte I drowe out of the arowe	
For greuauce of my wounde newe		Rokying for wo right wonder narowe	
That I agayne fel in swounyng		But the heed / whiche made me smerte	
And syghed sore / in complaynyng	1868	Lefte behynde in myn herte	1908
Sore I complayned that my sore		With other foure / I dare wel say	
On me gan greuen more and more		That neuer wol be take away	
I had non hope of allegeaunce		But the oyntment halpe me wele	
So nygh I drowe to disperauce	1872	And yet suche sorowe dyd I fele	1912
I rought of dethe / ne of lyfe		That al day I chaunged hewe	
Whether that loue wolde me drife		Of my woundes fresshe and newe	
If me a martyr wolde he make		As men might se in my vysage	
I myght his power not forsake	1876	The arowes were so ful of rage	1916
And whyle for anger thus I woke		So varyaunt of diuersyte	
The god of Loue an arowe toke		That men in eueryche might se	
Ful sharpe it was and pugnaunt		Bothe great anye / and eke swetnesse	
And it was called Fayre semblaunt	1880	And ioye meynt with bytternesse	1920
The whiche in no wyse wol consent		Nowe were they easy / nowe were they wood	
That any louer hym repente		In hem I felte bothe harme and good	
To serue his loue / with herte and all		Nowe sore without allegement	
For any peryll that may befall	1884	Nowe softyng with oyntment	1924
But though this arowe was kene grounde		It softned here / and pricketh there	
As any rasour that is founde		Thus ease and anger togyther were.	
To cutte and kerue at the poynte			
The god of Loue it had anoynt	1888		
With a precious oyntment			
Somdele to yeue alegement		T He god of Loue delyuerly	
Upon the woundes that he hade	1891	Come lepande to me hastely	1928
Through the body in my herte made		And sayd to me in great iape	
To helpe her sores / and to cure	1893	Yelde the / for thou may not escape	
And that they may the bette endure		May no defence auayle the here	
But yet this arowe / without more		Therefore I rede make no daungere	1932
Made in myn herte a large sore	1896	If thou wolte yelde the hastely	
That in ful great payne I abode		Thou shalt rather haue mercy	
But aye the oyntement went abrode [l. 138]		He is a foole in sykernesse	
Throughout my woundes large & wyde		That with danger or stoutnesse	1936

- Rebelleth / there that he shulde plesse
 In suche folye is lytel ese
 Be meke / where thou muste nedes bowe
 To stryue ayen is nought thy prowre
 Come atones / and haue ydo 1941
For I wol that it be so
 Than yelde the here debonairly
 And I answered ful humbly 1944
 Gladly sir / at your byddyng
 I wol me yelde in al thyng
 To your seruyce I wol me take
 For god defende that I shulde make
 Ayen your byddyng resystance 1949
 I wol not don so great offence
 For if I dyd / it were no skylly
 Ye may do with me what ye wyll 1952
 Saue or spyll / and also slo
 Fro you in no wyse may I go
 My lyfe / my dethe / is in your honde
 I may not laste out of your bonde 1956
 Playne at your lyst I yelde me
 Hoppyng in herte / that somtyme ye
 Comforte and ese shul me sende
 Or els shortly / this is the ende 1960
 Withouten helthe / I mote aye dure
 But if ye take me to your cure
 Comforte or helthe / how shulde I haue
 Sythe ye me hurte / but ye me saue 1964
 The helthe of loue mote be founde
 Where as they token first her wounde
 And if ye lyst of me to make
 Your prisoner / I wol it take 1968
 Of herte and wyll fully at gre
 Holy and playne I yelde me
 Without feynyng or feyntyse
 To be gouerned by your emprise 1972
 Of you I here so moche price
 I wol ben hole at your deuyce
 For to fulfyll your lyknyng
 And repente for nothyng 1976
- Hoppyng to haue yet in some tyde
 Mercy / of that I abyde
 And with that couenaunt yelde I me
 Anon downe knelyng vpon my kne 1980
 Proferyng for to kysse his fete
 But for nothyng he wolde me lete.

 And sayd / I loue the bothe and
 preise
 Sens that thyn answer dothe me ese
 For thou answered so curtesly 1985
 For nowe I wote wel vtterly
 That thou arte gentyly by thy speche
 For though a man ferre wolde seche 1988
 He shulde not fynden in certayne
 No suche answeere of no vilayne
 For suche a worde ne myght nought
 Isse out of a vylayns thought [fr. 138 back]
 Thou shalt not lesen of thy speche 1993
 For thy helpyng woll I eche
 And eke encreasen that I maye
 But first I wol that thou obaye 1996
 Fully for thyn auantage
 Anon to do me here homage
 And sythe kysse thou shalte my mouthe
 Whiche to no vilayne was neuer couthe
 For to aproche it / ne for to touche 2001
 For saufe of cherles I ne vouche
 That they shal neuer neigh it nere
 For curteys / and of fayre manere 2004
 Wel taught / and ful of gentylynsse
 He muste ben / that shal me kysse
 And also of ful hygh fraunchyse
 That shal atteyne to that emprise 2008
 And first of o thyng warne I the
 That payne and great aduersyte
 He mote endure / and eke trauayle
 That shal me serue / without fayle 2012
 But there agaynst the to comforte
 And with thy seruyce to disporte

Thou mayst ful glad and ioyful be
 So good a mayster to haue as me 2016
 And lorde of so hygh renoun
 I beare of loue the Gonfenoun
 Of Curtesy the banere
 For I am of the selfe manere 2020
 Gentyll / curteys / meke / and fre
 That who euer ententyfe be
 Me to honoure / doute / and serue
 And also that he hym obserue 2024
 Fro trespase and fro vilanye
 And hym gouerne in curtesye
 With wyll and with entencion
 For whan he first in my prison 2028
 Is caught / than muste he vtterly
 Fro thence forthe ful besyly
 Caste hym gentyll for to be
 If he desyre helpe of me 2032
 Anon without more delay
 Withouten daunger or affray
 I become his man anone
 And gaue hym thanks many a one 2036
 And kneled downe with hondes ioynt
 And made it in my porte ful queynt.
 The ioye went to my hert rote
 Whan I had kyssed his mouthe so
 swote 2040
 I had suche myrthe and suche lykyng
 It cured me of languysshying
 He asked of me than hostages
 I haue he sayd taken fele homages 2044
 Of one and other / where I haue bene
 Disteyned ofte / withouten wene
 These felons ful of falsyte
 Haue many sythes begyled me 2048
 And through her falshede her luste
 acheued
 Whereof I repent / and am agreued
 And I hem get in my daungere
 Her falshede shul they bye ful dere 2052

But for I loue the / I say the playne
 I wol of the be more certayne
 For the so sore I wol nowe bynde
 That thou away ne shalt not wynde
 For to denyen the couenannt (*sic*) 2057
 Or done that is not auenaunt
 That thou were false / it were great ruthe
 Sythe thou semest so ful of truthe 2060
 Sir / if the lyst to vnderstande
 I meruayle the asking this demande
 For why or wherfore shulde ye
 Hostages or borowes aske of me 2064
 Or any other sykernesse
 Sythe ye wot in sothfastnesse
 That ye me haue susprised so
 And hole myne herte taken me fro 2068
 That it wol do for me nothyng
 But if it be at your byddyng
 Myn herte is yours / & myn right nought
 As it behoueth / in dede and thought
 Redy in al to worche your wyll 2073
 Whether so turne to good or yll
 So sore it lusteth yon (*sic*) to plesse
 No man thereof may you disese 2076
 Ye haue theron sette suche iustysse
 That it is werreyed in many wyse
 And if ye doute it nolde obey
 Ye may therof do make a key 2080
 And holde it with you for hostage
 Nowe certes this is none outrage
 (Quod loue) and fully I accorde
 For of the body he is ful lorde 2084
 That hath the herte in his tresore
 Outrage it were to asken more.

THan of his aumener he drough [lf.139]
 A lytel key fetise ynough 2088
 Whiche was of golde polysshed clere
 And sayd to me / with this key here
 Thyne herte to me nowe wol I shette

For al my iowel loke and knette 2092
 I bynde vnder this lytel key
 That no wight maye cary away
 This key is ful of great poste
 With whiche anon he touched me 2096
 Under the syde ful softly
 That he myne herte sodainly
 Without anoye hadde speered 2099
 That yet right nought it hath me deered
 Whan he hadde done his wyl al out
 And I had putte hym out of dout
 Sir I sayd : I haue right great wyl
 Your luste and pleasure to fulfyl 2104
 Loke ye my seruyce take at gree
 By thilke faythe ye owe to me
 I saye nought for recreaundyse
 For I nought doute of your seruyce 2108
 But the seruaunt traueyleth in vayne
 That for to seruen dothe his payne
 Unto that lorde / whiche in no wyse
 Conne him / no thanke for his seruyce.
Loue sayde / dismay the nought 2113
 Syththou forsocour hast mesought
 In thanke thy seruyce wol I take
 And highe of degree I wol the make
 If wyckednesse ne hynder the 2117
 But (as I hoope) it shal nought be
 To worshyppe no wight by auenture
 Maye come / but if he payne endure 2120
 Abyde and suffre thy distresse
 That hurteth nowe / it shal be lesse
 I wotte my selfe what maye the saue
 What medicyne thou woldest haue 2124
 And if thy trouthe to me thou kepe
 I shal vnto thyne helpyng eke
 To cure thy woundes and make hem clene
 Where so they be olde or grene 2128
 Thou shalte be holpen at wordes fewe
 For certainly thou shalte wel shewe
 Where that thou seruest with good wyl

For to accomplysshyn and fulfyl 2132
 My cōmaundementes daye and nyght
 Which I to louers yeue of right.

AH sir / for goddes loue (sayd I)
 Er ye passe hens ententyfely 2136
 Your cōmaundementes to me ye say
 And I shal kepe hem if I may
 For hem to kepen is al my thought
 And if so be I wote hem nought 2140
 Than maye I vnwyttigly
 Wherfore I praye you entierly
 With all myne herte / me to lere
 That I trespase in no manere 2144

The god of Loue than charged me
 Anon / as ye shal here and se
 Worde by worde / by right emprise
 So as the Romaunt shal deuysel 2148

The maister leseth his tyme to lere
 Whan the disciple wol nat here
 It is but vayne on hym to swynke 2151
 That on his lernynge wol nat thynke
 Whoso lusteloue / lette himentende
 For nowe the Romance begynueth to
 amēde

Nowe is good to here in faye
 If any be that canne it saye 2156
 And poynt it as the reason is
 Sette for other gate ywis
 It shal nat wel in al thyng
 Be brought to good vnderstondyng 2160
 For a reder that poynteth yl
 A good sentence maye ofte spyl
 The boke is good at the endyng
 Made of newe and lusty thyng 2164
 For who so wol the endyng here
 The craft of loue he shal nowe lere
 If that he wol so longe abyde
 Tyl I this Romance maye vnhyde 2168
 And vndo the signyfiance
 Of this dreame in to Romaunce

The sothfastnesse that nowe is hydde
Without couerture shal be kydde 2172
Whan I vndone haue this dremyng
Wherin no worde is of leasyng.

Uillany at the begynnyng
I wol saye loue ouer al thyng 2176
Thou leaue / if thou wolte be
False / and trespace ayenst me
I curse and blame generally
Al hem that louen villany 2180
For villany maketh villayne [^l ff. 139, back]
And by his dedes a chorle is seyne¹

These vilayns arne without pyte
Frendshyp / loue / and al bounte 2184
I nyl receyue vnto my seruyce
Hem that ben vilayns of emprise

But vnderstonde in thyn entent
That this is not myn entendemet 2188
To clepe no wight in no ages
Onely gentyl for his lynages
But who so is vertuous

And in his porte not outraguous 2192
Whan suche one thou seest the beforen
Though he be not gentyl borne
Thou mayste wel seyne this is in sothe
That he is gentyl / by cause he dothe
As longeth to a gentylman 2197

Of hem none other deme I can
For certaynly withouten drede
A chorle is demed by his dede 2200
Of hye or lowe / as ye may se
Or of what kynrede that he be
Ne say nought for none yuell wyll
Thing that is to holden styll 2204

It is no worship to missey
Thou mayste ensample take of Key
That was somtyme for missayeng
Hated bothe of olde and yonge 2208
As ferre as Gaweyn the worthy

Was praysed for his curtesye
Kaye was hated / for he was fell
Of worde dispytous and cruell 2212
Wherfore be wyse and aqueyntable
Goodly of worde / and resonable
Bothe to lesse and eke to mare
And whan thou comest there men are
Loke that thou haue in custome aye 2217
First to salue hem if thou may
And if it fall that of hem sōme
Salue the first / be not dōme 2220
But quyte hem curtesly anon
Without abydyng / er they gon

For nothyng eke thy tonge applye
To speke wordes of rybaudye 2224
To vilayne speche / in no degre
Late neuer thy lyppe vnbounden be
For I nought holde him in good faythe
Curteys that foule wordes saythe 2228
And al women serue and preyse
And to thy power her honour reyse
And if that any missayere 2231
Dispyse women / that thou mayste here
Blame him / and bydde him holde him
styll

And sette thy might / and al thy wyll
Women and ladyes for to plesse 2235
And to do thyng that may hem ese
That they euer speke good of the
For so thou mayste best praysed be

Loke fro pride thou kepe the wele
For thou mayste bothe parceyue and fele
That pride is bothe foly and synne 2241
And he that pride hath him within
Ne may his herte in no wyse
Meken ne souplen to seruyce 2244
For pride is founde in euery parte
Contrarye vnto loucs arte
And he that loueth trewly
Shulde him conteyne iolyly 2248

Without pride in sondrie wyse	A beaute that cometh nat of kynde	2288
And him disgysen in queyntyse	Alwaye in hert I rede the	
For queynte aray / without drede	Gladde and mery for to be	
Is nothyng proude / who taketh hede	And be as ioyful as thou canne	
For fresshe aray / as men may se	Loue hath no ioye of sorouful manne	
Without pride may ofte be	That yuel is ful of curtesy	2293
Mayntayne thy selfe after thy rent	That knoweth in his malady	
Of robe and eke of garnement	For euer of loue the sicknesse	2256
For many sythe fayre clothyng	Is meynte with swete and bytternesse	
A man amendeth in moche thyng	The sore of loue is meruaylous	2297
And loke alwaye that they be shape	For nowe the louer ioyous	
What garnement that thou shalte make	Nowe can he playne / nowe can he grone	
Of him that can best do	Nowe can he syngen / nowe maken mone	
With al that parteyneth therto	To day he playneth for heuynesse	2301
Poyntes and sleues be well syttande	To morowe he playneth for iolynesse	
Right and streight on the hande	The lyfe of loue is ful contrarye	2264
Of shone and bootes / newe and fayre	Whiche stoundemeale can ofte varye	
Loke at the leest thou haue a payre	But if thou canste myrthes make	2305
And that they sytte so fetously	That men in gre wol gladly take	
That these rude may vtterly	Do it goodly / I cōmaunde the	2268
Meruayle / sythe that they sytte so playne	For men shulde where so euer they be	
Howe they come an (<i>sic</i>) or of agayne	Do thyng that hem syttyng is	2309
Weare strayte gloues with aumere	For therof cometh good loos and pris	
Of sylke / and alway with good chere	Wherof that thou be vertuous	2272
Thou yeue / if thou haue rychesse	Ne be not straunge ne daungerous	2312
And if thou haue naught spende the lesse	For if that thou good ryder be	
Alway be mery / if thou may	Pricke gladly that men may se	
But waste not thy good alway	In armes also if thou conne	2276
Haue hatte of floures / as fresshe as May	Pursue tyl thou a name hast wonne	2316
Chapelet of Roses of Whitsonday [ff. 140]	And if thy voyce be fayre and clere	
For suche araye ne costneth but lyte	Thou shalt maken no great daungere	
Thyne hondes wasshe / thy tethe make	Whan to synge they goodly pray	
white	It is thy worshyp for to obey	2320
And lette no fylthe vpon the be	Also to you it longeth aye	
Thy nayles blacke / if thou mayst se	To harpe and gyterne / daunce and playe	
Voyde it away delyuerly.	For if he can wel fote and daunce	
And kembe thyne heed right iolyly	It may him greatly do auaunce	2324
Farce nat thy visage in no wyse	Amonge eke for thy lady sake	
For that of loue is nat themprise	Songes and complayntes that thou make	
For loue dothe haten / as I fynde	For that wol meuen in her herte	

Whan they reden of thy smerte 2328
 Loke that no man for scarce the holde
 For that may greue the manyfolde
 Reson wol that a louer be
 In his yeftes more large and fre 2332
 Than chorles that ben not of louyng
 For who therof can any thyng
 He shal be lefe aye for to yeue
 In londes lore who so wolde leue 2336
 For he that through a sodayne syght
 Or for a kyssyng anon ryght
 Yaue hole his herte / in wyl and thought
 And to hym selfe kepeth right nought
 After this swyfte / it is good reson
 He yeue his good in abandon

NOwe wol I shortly here reherce
 Of that I haue sayd in verce 2344
 Al the sentence by and by
 In wordes fewe compendously
 That thou the better mayste on hem
 thynke
 Whether so it be thou wake or wynke
 For the wordes lytel greue 2349
 A man to kepe / whan it is breue
 Who so with loue wol gon or ryde
 He mote be curteyes / and voyde of
 pride
 Mery / and full of iolyte 2353
 And of largesse a losed be.

First I ioyne the here in penaunce
 That euer without repentaunce 2356
 Thou set thy thought in thy louyng
 To laste without repentyng
 And thinke vpon thy myrthes swete
 That shal folowe after whan ye mete.

And for thou trewe to loue shalt be
 I wyl / and cōmaunde the

That in one place thou set al hole
 Thyn herte / without halfen dole 2364
 For trecherye and sykernesse
 For I loued neuer doublenesse
 To many his herte that wol departe
 Eueryche shal haue but lytel parte 2368
 But of him drede I me right nought
 That in one place setteth his thought
 Therefore in o place it sette [leaf 140, back]
 And lette it neuer thens flette 2372
 For if thou yeuest it in lenyng
 I holde it but a wretched thyng
 Therefore yeue it hole and quyte
 And thou shalte haue the more meryte
 If it be lent / than after soone 2377
 The bounte and the thanke is done
 But in Loue / free yeuen thyng
 Requyreth a great guerdonyng 2380
 Yeue it in yefte al quyte fully
 And make thy gifte debonairly
 For men that yefte holde more dere
 That yeuen is with gladsome chere 2384
 That gifte nought to praysen is
 That man yeueth maugre his
 Whan thou hast yeuen thyne hert (as I
 Haue sayde) the here openly 2388
 Than auentures shul the fal
 Whiche harde and heuy ben with al
 For ofte whan thou bethynkest the
 Of thy louyng / where so thou be 2392
 Fro folke thou must departe in hye
 That none perceyue thy malady
 But hyde thyne harme thou must alone
 And go forthe sole / and make thy mone
 Thou shalte no whyle be in o state 2397
 But whylom colde and whilom hate
 Nowe reed as Rose / nowe yelowe and
 fade 2399
 Suche sorowe I trowe thou neuer hade
 Cotidien / ne quarteyne

It is nat so ful of payne		But ofte thou faylest of thy desyre	
For often tymes it shal fal		Er thou mayst come her any nere	
In loue / among thy paynes al	2404	And wastest in vayne thy passage	
That thou thy selfe al holy		Than fallest thou in a newe rage	2444
Forgeten shalte so vtterly		For want of syght / thou gynnest murme	
That many tymes thou shalte be		And homwarde pensyfe thou dost returne	
Styl as an ymage of tree	2408	In great myschefe than shalte thou be	
Domme as a stone / without steryng		For than agayne shal come to the	2448
Of fote or honde / without spekyng		Sighes and playntes with newe wo	
Than soone after al thy payne		That no itchyng pricketh so	
To memorye shalte thou come agayne		Who wote it nought / he maye go lere	
A man abasshed wonder sore	2413	Of hem that byen loue so dere	2452
And after syghen more and more		No thyng thyne herte appesen maye	
For wytte thou wele withouten wene		That ofte thou wolte gone and assaye	
In suche astate ful ofte haue bene	2416	If thou mayst sene by auenture	
That haue the yuel of loue assayde		Thy lyues ioye / thyne hertes cure	2456
Wherthrough thou arte so dismayde.		So that by grace / if thou myght	
¹ A Fter a thought shal take the so		Attayne of her to haue a syght	
That thy loue is to ferre the fro		Than shalte thou done none other dede	
Thou shalt saye (god) what may this be		But with that syght thyne eyen fede	
That I ne maye my lady se? [140 bk., col. 2]		That fayre fresshe whan thou mayst se	
Myne herte alone is to her go		Thyne hert shal so rauysshed be	2462
And I abyde al sole in wo	2424	That neuer thou woldest thy thanks leta	
Departed fro myne owne thought		Ne remoue / for to se that swete	
And with myne eyen se right nought		The more thou seest in sothfastnesse	
Alas myne eyen sene I ne may		The more thou couytest of that swetnesse	
My careful hert to conuay	2428	¹ The more thyn herte brenneth in fyre	
Myne hertes gyde / but they be		The more thyn herte is in desyre	2468
I prayse nothyng what euer they se		For who consydreth eury dele [1 Fo. C.xli.]	
Shul they abyde than / nay		It may be lykened wonder wele	
But gone and visyten without delay		The payne of loue vnto a fere	
That myne herte desyareth so	2433	For euermore thou neyghest nere	2472
For certainly / but if they go		Thought / or who so that it be	
A foole my selfe I maye wel holde		For very sothe I tel it the	
Whan I ne se what myne herte wolde		The hotter euer shal thou brenne	
Wherfore I wol gone her to sene	2437	As experyence shal the kenne	2476
Or eased shal I neuer bene		Where so comest in any coste	
But I haue some tokenyng		Who is next fyre he brenneth moste	
Than gost thou forthe without dwel- lyng	2440	And yet forsothe for al thyn hete	
		Though thou for loue swelte and swete	

Ne for no thyng thou felen may 2481
 Thou shalt not wyllen to passe away
 And though thou go / yet muste the nede
 Thynke al day on her fayre hede
 Whom thou behelde with so good wyll
 And holde thy selfe begyled yll 2486
 That thou ne haddest none hardyment
 To shewe her aught of thyn entent
 Thyn herte ful sore thou wolte dispyse
 And eke repreue of cowardyse 2490
 That thou so dull in euery thyng
 Were *domme* for drede / without spekyng
 Thou shalt eke thynke thou dydest
 folye 2493
 That thou were her so faste bye
 And durste not aunte the to say
 Some thyng / er thou came away 2496
 For thou haddest no more wonne
 To speke of her whan thou begonne
 But yet she wolde for thy sake
 In armes goodly the haue take 2500
 I shulde haue be more worthe to the
 Than of tresour great plente
 Thus shalt thow morne and eke *com-*
playne
 And get encheson to gon agayne 2504
 Vnto thy walke / or to thy place
 Where thou behelde her fleshly face
 And neuer for false suspicion
 Thou woldest fynde occasyon 2508
 For to gone vnto her house
 So arte thou than desyrouse
 A syght of her for to haue
 If thou thyn honour myghtest saue
 Or any erande mightest make 2513
 Thyder / for thy loues sake. [14, col. 2]
¹Ful fayne thou woldest / but for drede
 Thou goest not / leest that men take hede
 Wherefore I rede in thy goynge 2517
 And also in thyn agayne *commynge*

Thou be wel ware that men ne wyt
 Feyne the other cause than it 2520
 To go that waye / or faste bye
 To heale wel is no folye
 And yf so be it happe the
 That thou thy loue there mayste se
 In syker wyse thou her salewe 2525
 Wherwith thy coloure wol transmewe
 And eke thy bloode shal al to quake
 Thy hewe eke chaungen for her sake
 But worde and wytte / with chere ful pale
 Shul wante for to tel thy tale 2530
 And if thou mayste so ferforthe wynne
 That thou reson durste begynne
 And woldest sayne thre thynges or mo
 Thou shalte ful scarsly sayne the two
 Though thou bethynke the neuer so wele
 Thou shalt foryete yet somdele. 2536

BVt if thou deale with trecherye
 For false louers mowe al folye
 Sayne what hem luste withouten drede
 They be so double in her falshede 2540
 For they in herte can thynke o thyng
 And sayne another in her spekyng
 And whan thy speche is ended all
 Right thus to the it shal befall 2544
 If any worde than come to mynde
 That thou to saye haste lefte behynde.
 Than thou shalt brenne in great martyre
 For thou shalt brenne as any fyre
 This is the stryfe and eke the affraye
 And the batell that lasteth aye 2550
 This bargayne ende may neuer take
 But if that she thy peace wyl make
 And whan the nyght is comen anon
 A thousande angres shal come vpon
 To bedde as fast thou wolte the dyght
 Where thou shalt haue but smal delyght
 For whan thou wenest for to slepe 2557

So ful of payne shalt thou crepe. 2558
 Sterte in thy hedde aboute ful wyde
 And turne ful ofte on euery syde
 Nowe downwarde groff / & nowe vp-
 right. [1 Fo. C.xli, back] 2561
¹And walowe in wo the longe nyght
 Thyn armes shalt thou sprede a brede
 As man in werre were forwerede
 Than shal the come a remembraunce
 Of her shappe and her semblaunce 2566
 Wherto none other may be pere
 And wete thou wel without were
 That the shal se somtyme that nyght
 That thou haste her / that is so bright
 Naked bytwene thyn armes there 2571
 Al sothfastnesse as though it were
 Thou shalte make castels than in Spayne
 And dreme of ioy / al but it vayne [so]
 And the delyten of right nought 2575
 Whyle thou so slombrest in that thought
 That is so swete and delytable
 The whiche in sothe nys but a fable
 For it ne shal no whyle laste 2579
 Than shalte thou syghe and wepe faste
 And say dere god / what thyng is this
 My dreme is turned al amys
 Whiche was ful swete and apparent
 But nowe I wake it is al shent 2584
 Nowe yede this mery thought away
 Twenty tymes vpon a day
 I wolde this thought wolde come agayne
 For it alegeth wel my payne 2588
 It maketh me ful of ioyfull thought
 It sleeth me that it lasteth nought
 Ah lorde / why nyl ye me socoure?
 The ioye I trowe that I langoure 2592
 The dethe I wolde me shulde slo
 Whyle I lye in her armes two
 Myn harme is harde withouten wene
 My great vnease ful ofte I mene. 2596

BVt wolde Loue do so I might
 Haue fully ioye of her so bright
 My payne were quytte me rychely
 Alas to great a thyng aske I 2600
 It is but foly / and wronge wenyng
 To aske so outragyous a thyng
 And who so asketh folily
 He mote be warned hastely 2604
 And I ne wote what I may say
 I am so ferre out of the way
 For I wolde haue ful great lykynge
 And ful great ioy of lasse thyng 2608
 For wolde she of her gentylnesse [141 bk.,
 col. 2]
 Withouten more / me ones kesse
 It were to me a great guerdon
 Recele of al my passyon 2612
 But it is harde to come therto
 Al is but foly that I do
 So hygh I haue myn herte sette
 Where I may no comforte gette 2616
 I wote not where I say wel or nought
 But this I wote wel in my thought
 That it were better of her alone
 For to stynte my wo and mone 2620
 A loke on her I caste goodly
 That for to haue al vtterly
 Of an other al hole the play
 Ah lorde where I shal byde the day
 That euer she shal my lady be 2625
 He is ful cured / that may her se
 A god / whan shal the dawnyng spring?
 To lyggen thus is an angry thyng 2628
 I haue no ioy thus here to lye
 Whan that my loue is not me bye
 A man to lyen hath great disese 2631
 Whiche may not slepe / ne rest in ese
 I wolde it dawed / and were nowe day
 And that the nyght were went away
 For were it day / I wolde vp ryse 2635
 Ah slowe sonne / shewe thyn enprise

Spede the to sprede thy beemes bright
 And chace the derknesse of the nyght
 To put away the stoundes stronge
 Whiche in me lasten al to longe 2640
 The nyght shalt thou contynue so
 Without rest / in payne and wo
 If euer thou knewe of loue distresse
 Thou shal mowe lerne in that sicknesse
 And thus enduryng shalt thou lye
 And ryse on morowe vp erly 2646
 Out of thy bedde / and harneys the
 Er euer dawnyng thou mayst se
 Al priuely than shalt thou gone 2649
 What whyder it be thy selfe alone
 For reyne / or hayle / for snowe / for slete
 Thyder she dwelleth / that is so swete
 The whiche may fall a slepe be
 And thynketh but lytel vpon the 2654
 Than shalt thou go / ful foule aferde
 Loke if the gate be vnsperde [1 Fo. C.xiii.]
¹And wayte without in wo and payne
 Ful yuel a colde in wynde and rayne
 Than shalt thou go the dore before
 If thou mayst fynde any shore 2660
 Or hole / or reffe / what euer it were
 Than shalt thou stoupe / and lay to eere
 If they within a slepe be
 I mene al saue thy lady free 2664
 Whom wakyng if thou mayst aspye
 Go put thyself in iupardy
 To aske grace / and the bymene
 That she may wete without wene 2668
 That thou nyght no rest haste had
 So sore for her thou were bestad
 Women wel ought pyte to take
 Of hem that sorowen for her sake 2672
 And loke for loue of that relyke
 That thou thynke none other lyke
 For whan thou haste so great annoy
 Shal kysse the er thou go away 2676
 And holde that in ful great deynte
 And for that no man shal the se
 Before the house / ne in the way
 Loke thou begon agayne er day 2680
 Suche *commying* / and suche goyng
 Suche heuynesse / and suche walkyng
 Maketh louers withouten any wene
 Vnder her clothes pale and lene 2684
 For Loue leueth colour ne cleernesse
 Who loueth trewe hath no fatnesse
 Thou shalte wel by thy selfe se
 That thou must nedes assayed be 2688
 For men that shape hem other way
 Falsely her ladyes for to betray
 It is no wonder though they be fatte
 With false othes her loues they gatte
 For ofte I se suche losengeours 2693
 Fatter than Abottes or priours
 Yet with o thyng I the charge
 That is to saye / that thou be large
 Vnto the mayde / that her dothe serue
 So best her thanke thou shalt deserue
 Yeue her yettes / and get her grace
 For so thou may thanke purchace 2700
 That she the worthy holde and fre
 Thy lady / and al that may the se
 Also her seruauntes worshyp aye
 And please as moche as thou may 2704
 Great good through hem may come to
 the [1f. 142, col. 2]
 Bycause with her they ben priue
 They shal her tel howe they the fande
 Curtesys and wyse / and wel doande
 And she shal preyse wel the more 2709
 Loke out of londe thou be not fore
 And if suche cause thou haue / that the
 Behoueth to gone out of countre
 Leaue hole thyn herte in hostage 2713
 Tyl thou agayne make thy passage
 Thynke longe to se the swete thyng

That hath thyn herte in her keyng
 Nowe haue I tolde the / in what wise
 A louer shal do me seruyce
 Do it than / if thou wolte haue
 The mede / that thou after craue. 2720

WHan Loue al this had boden me
 I sayd him / sir howe may it be
 That louers may in suche manere
 Endure the payn ye haue said
 here 2724

I meruayle me wonder faste
 Howe any man may lyue or laste
 In suche payne / and suche brennyng
 In sorowe and thought / and suche
 sighyng 2728
 Aye vnrelesed wo to make
 Whether so it be they slepe or wake
 In suche anoy contynuelly
 As helpe me god this meruayle I 2732
 Howe/man / but he were made of stele
 Might lyue a monthe / suche paynes to
 fele.

THe God of loue than sayd me 2735
 Frende / by the faythe I owe to the
 May no man haue good / but he it bye
 A man loueth more tenderlye
 The thyng / that he hath bought most
 dere
 For wete thou wel without were 2740
 In thanke that thyng is taken more
 For whiche a man hath suffred sore
 Certes no wo ne may attayne
 Vnto the sore of loues payne 2744
 None yuel therto ne may amounte
 No more than a man counte
 The droppes that of the water be
 For drie as wel the great see 2748
 Thou myghtest / as the harmes tell

Of hem that with Loue dwell [¶ ff. 142, bk.]
 In seruyce / for peyne hem sleeth 2751
 And that eche man wolde flye the dethe
 And trowe they shulde neuer escape
 Nere that hoope couth hem make
 Gladde as man in prison sete
 And maye nat getten for to ete 2756
 But barlye breed / and water pure
 And lyeth in vermyn and in ordure
 With al this yet canne he lyue
 Good hope suche comferte hath hym
 yeue 2760

Whiche maketh wene that he shal be
 Delyuered and come to lyberte
 In fortune is ful trust
 Though he lye in strawe or dust 2764
 In hope is al his sustaynyng
 And so for louers in her wenyng
 Whiche loue hath shytte in his prisoun
 Good hope in her saluatioun 2768
 Good hope (howe sore that they smerte)
 Yeueth hem bothe wyl and herte
 To profer her body to martyre
 For Hope so sore dothe hem desyre 2772
 To suffre eche harm that men deuyse
 For ioye that afterwarde shal aryse.

Hope in desyre catche victorie 2775
 In hope of loue is al the glorie
 For hope is al that loue maye yeue
 Nere hoope / there shulde no lenger
 lyue
 Blessed be hoope / whiche with desyre
 Auaunceth louers in suche manyre 2780
 Good hope is curteyse for to please
 To kepe louers from al disease
 Hoope kepeth his londe / and wol abyde
 For any peryll that maye betyde 2784
 For hoope to louers / as most chefe
 Dothe hem endure al myschefe

Hoope is her helpe whan myster is
 And I shal yeue the eke ywis 2788
 Thre other thynges / that great solace
 Dothe to hem that be in my lace

The first good that maye be founde
 To hem that in my lace be bounde 2792
 Is Swete thought / for to recorde

Thyng wherwith thou canst accorde
 Best in thyne herte / where she be 2795

Thynkyng in absence is good to the
 Whan any louer dothe complayne

¹And lyueth in distresse / and in payne
 Than Swete thought shal come as blyue
 Awaye his angre for to dryue 2800

It maketh louers to haue remembraunce
 Of comforte / and of highe plesaunce
 That Hoope hath hight hym for to
 wynne [leaf 142, back, col. 2]

For thought anone than shal begynne
 As ferre god wotte / as he can fynde
 To make a myrroure of his mynde

For to beholde he wol nat lette 2807
 Her persone he shal afore hym sette

Her laughyng eyen persauant and clere
 Her shappe / her forme / her goodly chere

Her mouthe / that is so gratious
 So swete / and eke so sauerous 2812

Of al her feyters he shal take hede
 His eyen with al her lymmes fede.

Thus Swete thynkyng shal aswage
 The payne of louers / and her rage 2816

Thy ioie shal double without gesse
 Whan thou thynkest on her semelynesse

Or of her laughyng / or of her chere
 That to the made thy lady dere 2820

This comforte wol I that thou take
 And if the nexte thou wolte forsake

Whiche is nat lesse sauerous 2823
 Thou shuldest nat ben to daungerous.

THe seconde shal be Swete speche
 That hath to many one be leche

To bringe hem out of wo and were
 And helpe many a bachelere 2828

And many a lady sent socour
 That haue loued paramour

Through spekyng / whan they might here
 Of her louers to hem so dere 2832

To me it voydeth al her smerte
 The whiche is closed in her herte

In herte in maketh hem glad and lyght
 Speche whan they mowe haue syght

And therefore nowe it cometh to mynde
 In olde dawes as I fynde

That clerkes writen that her knewe
 There was a lady fresshe of hewe 2840

Whiche of her loue made a songe
 On him for to remembre amonge

In whiche she sayd / whan that I here
 Speken of him that is so dere 2844

To me it voydeth al smerte [Fo. C.xlii.]

Iwys he syteth so nere myn herte
 To speke of him at eue or morowe

It cureth me of al my sorowe 2848
 To me is none so hygh plesaunce

As of his person dalyaunce
 She wyste ful wel that Swete spekyng

Comforteth in ful moche thyng 2852
 Her loue she had ful wel assayde

Of him she was ful wel apayde
 To speke of him her ioie was set

Therefore I rede the that thou get 2856
 A felowe that can wel concele

And kepe thy counsaile / and wel hele
 To whom go shewe holly thyn herte

Bothe wel and wo / ioie and smerte
 To gette comforte to him thou go 2861

And priuely bytwene you two
 Ye shal speke of that goodly thyng

That hath thyn herte in her keypyng

Of her beaute and her semblaunce	2865	For to aswage a mannes sorowe	
And of her goodly countenaunce		To sene his lady by the morowe	2904
Of al thy state / thou shalt him say		For it is a ful noble thyng	
And aske him counsaile howe thou may		Whan thyn eyen haue metyng	
Do any thyng that may her plesse	2869	With that relyke precious	
For it to the shal do great ese		Wherof they be so desyrous	2908
That he may wete thou truste him so		But al day after sothe it is	
Bothe of thy wele and of thy wo	2872	They haue no drede to faren a mys	
And if his herte to loue be sette		They dreden neyther wynde ne rayne	
His companye is moche the bette		Ne non other maner payne	2912
For reson wol he shewe to the		For whan thyn eyen were thus in blysse	
Al vtterly his priuete	2876	Yet of her curtesye ywysse	
And what she is he loueth so		Alone they can not haue her ioie	
To the playnly he shal vndo		But to the herte they conuoye	2916
Without drede of any shame	2879	Parte of her blysse to him thou sende	
Bothe tel her renome and her name		Of al this harme to make an ende	
Than shal he forther ferre and nere		The eye is a good messangere	2919
And namely to thy lady dere		Whiche can to the herte in suche manere	
In syker wyse / ye euery other		Tydynges sende / that hath sene	
Shal helpen as his owne brother	2884	To voyde him of his paynes clene	
In trouthe without doublenesse		Wherof the herte reioyseth so	
And kepen close in sykernesse		That a great partye of his wo	2924
For it is noble thyng in fay		Is voyded / and put away to flyght	
To haue a man thou darste say	2888	Right as the derknesse of the nyght	
Thy priue counsaile euery dele		Is chased with clerenesse of the moone	
For that wol comforte the right wele		Right so is al his wo ful soone	2928
And thou shalt holde the wel apayed		Deuoyded clene / whan that the syght	
Whan suche a frende thou haste assayed.		Beholden may that fresshe wight	
		That the herte desyreth so	
T he thirde good of great comforte		That al his derknesse is ago	2932
That yeueth to louers moste dis- porte	[¹ leaf 143, col. 2]	For than the herte is al at ese	
Cometh of syght and beholdyng		Whan they sene that may hem plesse	
That cleped is Swete lokyng	2896	Nowe haue I declared the al out	
The whiche may none ese do		Of that thou were in drede and doute	
Whan thou arte ferre thy lady fro		For I haue tolde the faythfully	
Wherfore thou prese alway to be	2899	What the may curen vtterly	
In place / where thou mayst her se		And al louers that wol be	2939
For it is thyng moste amerous		Faythful / and ful of stabylite	[¹ ff. 143, bk.]
Moste delytable and fauerous		¹ Good hope alwaye kepe by thy syde	
		And swete thought make eke abyde	

Swete Lokynge and swete Speche
 Of al thyne harmes they shal be leche
 Of euery thou shalte haue great plesaunce
 If thou canst byde in sufferaunce 2946
 And serue wel without fayntise
 Thou shalte be quyte of thyne emprise
 With more guerdoun / if that thou lyue
 But al this tyme this I the yeue. 2950

THe god of Loue whan al the day
 Had tauȝt me / as ye haue herd say
 And enformed compendously 2953

He vanysshed awaye al sodainly
 And I alone lefte al soole
 So ful of complaynt and of doole 2956
 For I sawe no man there me by
 My woundes me greued wondersly
 Me for to curen nothyng I knewe
 Saue the bothom bright of hewe 2960
 Wheron was sette hooly my thought
 Of other comforte knewe I nought
 But it were through the god of Loue
 I knewe nat ele to my behoue 2964

That myght me ease or comforte gete
 But if he wolde hym entermete
 The roser was withouten dout
 Closed with an hedge without 2968

As ye to forne haue herde me sayne
 And fast I besyed and wolde fayne
 Haue passed the haye / if I myght
 Haue gotten in by any sleyght 2972
 Vnto the bothom so fayre to se
 But euer I dradde blamed to be
 If men wolde haue suspectioun
 That I wolde of ententioun 2976
 Haue stole the Roses / that there were
 Therefore to entre I was in fere
 But at the laste / as I bethought
 Wheder I shulde passe or nought 2980

I sawe come with a gladdere chere

To me / a lusty bachelere
 Of good stature and of good height
 And Bialacoil forsoth he height 2984
 Sonne he was to Curtesy
 And he me graunted ful gladly
 The passage of the vtter hay 2987
¹And sayd / sir : howe that ye may
 Passe / if your wyl be [1 ff. 143, bk., col. 2]
 The fresshe Roser for to se
 And ye the swete sauour fele
 Your warrans may right wele 2992
 So thou the kepe fro folye
 Shal no man do the vylanye
 If I may helpe you in ought
 I shal not fayne / dredeth nought 2996
 For I am bounde to your seruyse
 Fully deuoyde of feyntise
 Than vnto Bialacoil sayd I
 I thanke you sir ful hertely 3000
 And your beheste take at gre
 That ye so goodly profer me
 To you it cometh of great fraunchyse
 That ye me profer your seruyse 3004
 Than after ful delyuerly
 Through the breres anon went I
 Wherof encombred was the haye 3007
 I was wel plesed / the sothe to saye
 To se the bothom / fayre and swote
 So fresshe spronge out of the rote.

ANd Bialacoyle me serued wele
 Whan I so nyghe me might fele
 Of the bothom the swete odour 3013
 And so lusty hewed of colour
 But than a chorle / foule him betyde
 Besyde the roses gan him hyde
 To kepe the roses of that Rosere 3017
 Of whom the name was Daungere
 The chorle way hyd there in the greues
 Couered with grasse and with leues

To spye and take whom that he fonde	That none shulde hardy be ne bolde
Vnto that Roser put an honde	(Were he yonge or were he olde)
He was not soole / for there was mo	Agayne her wyl awaye to here 3063
For with him were other two 3024	Bothoms ne roses / that there were
Of wicked maners / and yuel fame	I hadde wel spedde / had I nat bene
That one was cleped by his name	Awayted with these thre and sene
Wicked tonge / god yeue him sorowe	For Bialacoil / that was so fayre
For neyther at eue ne at morowe 3028	So gracious and debonayre 3068
He can of no man good speke	Quytte hym to me ful curtesly
Of many a iuste man dothe he wreke	And me to please badde that I
There was a woman eke that hyght	Shulde drawe me to the bothom nere
Shame / that who can reken ryght	Prese in to touche the rosere 3072
Trespace was her fathers name 3033	Whiche bare the roses / he yafe me leue
Her mother Reson / and thus was shame	This graunt ne myght but lytel greue
Brought of these ylke two [Fo. C.xliii.]	And for he sawe it lyked me
And yet had Trespasse neuer ado 3036	Right nygh the bothom pulled he
With Reason / ne neuer ley her by	A leafe al grene / and yaued me that
He was so hydous and so vgly	The whiche ful nyghe the bothom sat
I meane this / that Trespasse hight	I made of that leafe ful queynt
But Reason conceyueth of a sight 3040	And whan I felte I was aqueynt 3080
Shame of that I spake aforne	With Bialocoil / and so pryue
And whan that Shame was thus borne	I wende all at my wyl hadde be
It was ordayned / that Chastite	Than wext I hardy for to tel [ff. 144, col. 2]
Shulde of the Roser lady be 3044	To Bialocoil howe me befel 3084
Whiche of the bothoms more and las	Of Loue / that toke and wounded me
With sondrie folke assayled was	And sayd / Sir so mote I the
That she ne wyste what to do	I maye no ioie haue in no wyse
For Venus her assayleth so 3048	Vpon no syde / but it ryse 3088
That nyght and day from her she stal	For sithe (if I shal nat feyne)
Bothoms and Roses ouer al	In herte I haue had so great peyne
To Reason than prayeth Chastyte 3051	So great anye and suche affraye
Whom Venus hath flemed ouer the sec	That I ne wotte what I shal saye 3092
That she her daughter wolde her lene	I drede your wrathe to deserue
To kepe the Roser fresshe and grene	Leuer me were / that knyues kerue
Anone Reason to Chastyte 3055	My body shulde in peces smal
Is fully assented / that it be	Than in any wyse it shulde fal 3096
And graunted her / at her request	That ye wrathed shulde ben with me
That Shame / bycause she is honest	Saye boldely thy wyl (quod he)
Shal keper of the Roser be 3059	I nyl be wrothe if that I maye 3099
And thus to kepe it / there were thre	For nought that thou shalte to me saye.

THan sayd I sir / not you displeas
 To knowen of my great vnese
 In whiche only Loue hath me brought
 For paynes great / disese / and thought
 Fro day to day he dothe me drie 3105
 Supposeth not sir / that I lye
 In me fyue woundes dyd he make
 The sore of whiche shal neuer slake
 But ye the bothom graunt me 3109
 Whiche is moste passaunt of beaute
 My lyfe / my dethe / and my martyre
 And tresour / that I most desyre
 Than Bialacoil affrayde all 3113
 Sayd sir / it may not fall
 That ye desyre it may not aryse
 What wolde ye shende me in this wyse?
 A mokel foole than I were 3117
 If I suffred you away to bere
 The fresshe bothom / so fayre of syght
 For it were neyther skylle ne right 3120
 Of the Roser ye broke the rynde.
 Or take the Rose aforne his kynde
 Ye are not curteys to aske it
 Let it styлле on the Roser syt 3124
 And lette it growe tyl it amended be
 And parfetyly come to beaute
 I nolde not that it pulled were
 Fro the Roser that it bere 3128
 To me it is so lefe and dere [¹ leaf 144, back]

¹With that anone sterte out Daungere
 Out of the place where he was hydde
 His malyce in his chere was kydde
 Ful great he was and blacke of hewe
 Sturdy and hydous / who so him knewe
 Lyke sharpe vrchons his heer was growe
 His eyes reed sparlyng as the fyre glowe
 His nose frounced ful kyrked stode
 He come cryande as he were woode
 And sayd / Bialocoyl tel me why
 Thou bringest hyder so boldely 3140

Him that so nyghe the Rosere
 Thou worchest in a wronge manere
 He thynketh to dishonour the
 Thou arte wel worthy to haue maugre
 To lette hym of the rosere wytte 3145
 Who serueth a felonne is yuel quytte
 Thou woldest haue done great bounte
 And he with shame wolde quyte the
 Flye hence felowe / I rede the go
 It wanteth lytel he wol the slo 3150
 For Bialocoyl ne knewe the nought
 Whan the to serue he sette his thought
 For thou wolte shame him / if thou
 myght 3153
 Bothe agayne reason and right
 I wol no more in the affye
 That comest so slyghly for tespy
 For it proueth wonder wele 3157
 Thy sleight and trayson euery dele
 I durst no more make there abode
 For the chorle / he was so wode
 So ganne he thrette and manace 3161
 And through the haye he dyd me chace
 For feare of him I trymbled and quoke
 So chorlissly his heed he shoke 3164
 And sayd / if efte he myght me take
 I shulde nat from his hondes scape
 Then Bialacoil is fledde and mate 3167
 And I al soole disconsolate
 Was lefte alone in payne and thought
 For shame to dethe I was nygh brought
 Than thought I on my highe foly 3171
 Howe that my body vtterly
 Was yeue to payne and to martyre
 And therto hadde I so great yre
 That I ne durst the hayes passe 3175
 There was no hoope / there was no grace
 I trowe neuer man wyste of payne
¹But he were laced in loues chayne
 Ne no man / and sothe it is [¹ 144 bk., col. 2]

But if he loue / what anger is	3180	And whyle I stode this derke and pale	
Loue holdeth his heest to me right		Reson began to me her tale	3218
wele		She sayde / Alhayle my swete frende	
Whan payne (he sayd) I shulde fele		Foly and childhode wol the shende	
No herte maye thynke / ne tonge sayne		Whiche the haue put in great affray	
A quarter of my wo and payne		Thou haste bought dere the tyme of May	
I myght nat with the angre last	3185	That made thyn herte mery to be	3223
Myne herte in poynt was for to brast		In yuel tyme thou wentest to se [Fo. C.xiv.]	
Whan I thought on the rose / that so		The gardyn / wherof ydelnesse	
Was through Daunger caste me fro		Bare the keye and was maistresse	
A longe whyle stode I in that state		Whan thou yedest in the daunce	3227
Tyl that me sawe so madde and mate		With her and had aqueyntaunce	
The lady of the highe warde		Her aqueyntaunce is peryllous	
Whiche from her towre loked thider-		First softe / and after noyous	
warde.	3192	She hath trashed without wene	3231
		The god of Loue hadde the nat sene	
Reason men clepe that lady		Ne had Idelnesse the conueyde	
Whiche from her toure delyuerly		In the verger / where Myrthe him pleyde	
Come downe to me without more	3195	If folly haue supprised the	
But she was neyther yonge ne hore		Do so that it recouered be	3236
Ne hygh ne lowe / ne fatte ne lene		And be wel ware to take no more	
But best / as it were in a mene	3198	Counsayle / that greueth after sore	
Her eyen two were clere and lyght		He is wyse / that wol hym selfe chastyse	
As any candell / that brenneth bright		And though a yonge man in any wyse	
And on her heed she had a crowne		Trespasse amonge / and do folly	3241
Her semed wel an hygh person	3202	Lette hym nat tary / but hastely	
For rounde enuyron her crownet		Lette hym amende what so be mys	
Was ful of ryche stones fret		And eke I counsayle the ywis	
Her goodly semblant by deuyse		The god of Loue holly foryete	3245
I trowe was made in paradise	3206	That hath the in such payne sette	
For nature had neuer suche a grace		And the in herte tourmented so	
To forge a werke of suche compace		I can not sene howe thou maist go	
For certeyne / but if the letter lye		Other wayes to garysoun	3249
God him selfe / that is so hye	3210	For Daunger / that is so feloun	
Made her after his ymage		Felly purposeth the to werrey	
And yafe her sythe such auantage		Whiche is ful cruel the sothe to sey.	
That she hath might and seignorie			
To kepe men from al folye	3214		
Who so wol trowe her lore		A Nd yet of Dangere cometh no blame	
Ne may offenden neuermore.		In rewarde of my doughter Shame	
		Whiche hath the Roses in her warde	

As she that maye be no musarde 3256
 And wicked tonge is with these two
 That suffreth no man thyder go
 For er a thyng be do he shal
 Where that he cometh ouer al 3260
 In fourty places / if it be sought
 Say thyng that neuer was don ne
 Wrought
 So moche trayson is in his male
 Of falsnesse for to sayne a tale 3264
 Thou delest with angry folke ywis
 Wherfore to the better is
 From these folke awaye to fare 3267
 For they wol make the lyue in care
 This is the yuel that loue they cal
 Wherin there is but foly al
 For loue is folly euery dell [145, col. 2] 3271
 Who loueth / in no wyse maye do wel
 Ne sette his thought on no good werke
 His schole he leseth / if he be a clerke
 Or other crafte eke / if that he be
 He shal nat thryue therin / for he 3276
 In loue shal haue more passyoun
 Than Monke / hermyte / or chanoun
 This payne is herde out of measure
 The ioye maye eke no whyle endure
 And in the possessyoun 3281
 Is moche trybulatioun
 The ioye it is so shorte lastyng
 And but in happe is the gettingyng
 For I se there many in trauayle 3285
 That at laste foule fayle
 I was nothyng thy counsailer
 Whan thou were made the homager
 Of god of Loue to hastely 3289
 There was no wysdom but foly
 Thyn herte was ioly / but not sage
 Whan thou were brought in suche a rage
 To yelde the so redily 3293
 And to Loue of his great maystry.

I Rede the loue away to driue
 That maketh the retche not of thy
 lyue
 The foly more fro day to day 3297
 Shal growe / but thou it put away
 Take with thy tethe the bridel faste
 To daunte thyn herte / and eke the caste
 If that thou mayst to get the defence
 For to redresse thy first offence 3302
 Who so his herte alway wol leue
 Shal fynde amonge that shal him greue.
 Whan I her herde thus me chastyse
 I answerde in ful angry wyse 3306
 I prayde her cesse of her speche
 Eyther to chastyse me or teche
 To bydde me my thought refreyne
 Whiche Loue hath caught in his
 demeyne 3310
 What wene ye Loue wol consente
 (That me assayleth with bowe bente)
 To drawe myn herte out of his honde
 Which is so quickly in his bonde
 That ye counsaile may neuer be 3315
 For whan he first arested me
¹He toke myn herte so sore hym tyll
 That it is nothyng at my wyll [145, bk.]
 He thought it so him for to obey
 That he it sparred with a key 3320
 I pray you let me be al styll
 For ye may wel / if that ye wyll
 Your wordes waste in ydelnesse
 For vtterly / withouten gesse
 Al that ye sayne is but in vayne 3325
 Me were leuer dye in the payne
 Than Loue to mewarde shulde arette
 Falshede or treson on me sette
 I wol me get pris or blame
 And loue trewe to saue my name 3330
 Who that me chastyseth / I him hate

With that worde Reson went her gate
 Whan she sawe for no sermonyng
 She myght me fro my foly bring
 Than dismayed I lefte al soole 3335
 Forwery / for wandred as a foole
 For I ne knewe no cherysaunce [so]
 Than fel in to my remembraunce
 Howe Loue bade me to puruey
 A felowe / to whom I might sey 3340
 My counsell and my priuyte
 For that shulde moche auayle me
 With that bethought I me / that I
 Had a felowe fast by 3344
 Trewe and syker / curteys / and hende
 And he was called by name a frende
 A trewer felowe was no where non
 In haste to him I went anon 3348
 And to him al my wo I tolde
 Fro him right nought I wolde withholde
 I tolde him al without were
 And made my compleynt on Daungere
 Howe for to se he was hydous 3353
 And to mewarde contraryous
 The whiche through his cruelte
 Was in poynte to haue meymed me
 With Bialacoil whan he me sey 3357
 Within the gardyn walke and pley
 Fro me he made him for to go
 And I belefte alone in wo 3360
 I durste no lenger with him speke
 For Daunger sayd he wolde be wreke
 Whan that he sawe howe I wente
 The fresshe bothom for to hente 3364
 If I were hardy to come nere [145 bk., col. 2]
 Bytwene the hay and the Rosere.
 This frende whan he wyst of my
 thought
 He discomforted me right nought 3368
 But sayd felowe / be not so madde
 Ne so abassed nor bestadde
 My selfe I knowe ful wel Daungere
 And howe he is fiers of chere 3372
 At prime temps / loue to manace
 Ful ofte I haue ben in his case
 A felon first though that he be
 After thou shalt him souple se 3376
 Of longe passed I knewe him wele
 Vngoodly first though men him fele
 He wol meke after in his bearynge
 Ben / for seruyce and obeysynge 3380
 I shal the tel what thou shalt do
 Mekely I rede thou go him to
 Of herte pray him specially
 Of thy trespace to haue mercy 3384
 And hote him wel here to plesse
 That thou shalte neuer more him displese
 Who can best serue of flatery
 Shal plesse Daunger moste vtterly. 3388
 My frende hath sayd to me so wele
 That he me eased hath somdele
 And eke alleged of my turment
 For through him had I hardement 3392
 Agayne to Daungere for to go
 To preue if I might meke him so.
TO Daungere came I al a shamed
 The whiche aforne me had blamed
 Desyryng for to pese my wo 3397
 But ouer hedge durste I not go
 For he forbode me the passage
 I founde him cruel in his rage
 And in his honde a great burdown
 To him I kneled lowe adown 3402
 Ful meke of porte / and symple of chere
 And sayd sir / I am comen here
 Onely to aske of you mercy
 That greueth me ful greatly 3406
 That euer my lyfe I wrathed you

But for to amenden I am come now	For though thou loue thus euermore
With al my might / bothe loude and styl	To me is neither softne ne sore
To done right at your owne wyl <small>[Fol. C.xvi.]</small>	Lone where that the lyst / what retcheth
For Loue made me for to do	me 3447
That I haue trespassed hiderto 3412	So ferre fro my Roses be
Fro whom I ne maye withdrawe myne	Trust nat on me for none assaye
hert	In any tyme to passe the haye 3450
Yet shal I neuer for ioye ne smert	Thus hath he graunted my prayere
(What so befall good or il)	Than went I forthe withouten were
Offende more agayne your wyl 3416	Vnto my frende / and tolde hym al
Leuer I haue endure disease	Whiche was right ioyful of my tale
Than do that shulde you displeas.	(He sayd) nowe gothe wel thyne affayre
	He shal to the be debonayre <small>[leaf 146, col. 2]</small>
I You requyre / and praye that ye	Though he aforne was dispitous 3457
Of me haue mercy and pyte 3420	He shal hereafter be gracious
To stynt your yre / that greueth so	If he were touched on some good veyne
That I wol swere for euer mo	He shulde yet rewen on thy peyne 3460
To be redressed at your lykyng	Suffre I rede / and no boost make
Yf I trespasse in any thyng 3424	Tyl thou at good mes mayst him take
Saue that (I praye the) graunt me	By sufferaunce / and wordes softne
A thyng / that maye nat warned be	A man maye ouercome ofte 3464
That I maye loue al onely	Him / that aforne he had in drede
None other thyng of you aske I 3428	In bokes sothely as I rede
I shal done al wel wyis	Thus hath my frende with great com-
Yf of your grace ye graunt me this	forte
And ye maye nat letten me	Auaunced me with high disporte 3468
For wel wote ye / that loue is free 3432	Whiche wolde me good / as moche as I
And I shal louen suche that I wyl	And than anone ful sodainly
Who euer lyke it wel or yl	I toke my leaue / and streight I went
And yet ne wolde I for al Fraunce	Vnto the haye for great talent 3472
Do thyng to do you displeasunce. 3436	I hadde to sene the fresshe bothom
	Wherin laye my saluatioun
Than Daungere fyl in his entent	And Daungere toke kepe / if that I
For to foryeue his male talent	Kepe him couenant trewly 3476
But al his wrathe yet at last	So sore I dradde his manasyng
He hath released / I prayde so fast 3440	I durst nat breke his byddyng
Shortely (he sayd) thy request	For lest that I were of him shent
Is nat to mokel dishonest	I brake nat his commaundement 3480
Ne I wol nat werne it the	For to purchase his good wyl
For yet nothyng engreuethe me 3444	It was for to come there tyl

His mercy was to ferre behynde
 I kepte / for I ne myght it fynde 3484
 I complayned and sighed sore
 And languysshed euermore
 For I durste nat ouer go
 Vnto the Rose I loued so 3488
 Throughout my demyng vtterly
 That he had knowlege certainly
 Than Loue me ladde in suche a wyse
 That in me there was no feyntise 3492
 Falsheed / ne no trechery
 And yet he ful of villany
 Of disdayne / and cruelte
 On me ne wolde haue pyte 3496
 His cruel wyl for to refrayne
 Tho I wepte alwaye / and me complayne
AND while I was in this tourment
 Were come of grace / by god sent
 Fraunchise / and with her Pyte 3501
 Fulfylde the Bothom of bounte [146 bk.]
 They go to Daungere anon ryght
¹To forther me with al her myght 3504
 And helpe in worde and in dede
 For wel they sawe that it was nede
 First of her grace dame Fraunchise
 Hath taken of this emprise 3508
 She sayd / Daungere great wronge ye do
 To worche this man so moche wo
 Or pynen him so angerly
 It is to you great villany 3512
 I can nat se / why ne how
 That he hath trespassed agayne you
 Saue that he loueth / wherfore ye shulde
 The more in chere of him holde 3516
 The force of loue maketh hym do this
 Who wolde him blame he dyd amys
 He lefeth more than ye maye do
 His payne is harde / ye maye se lo 3520
 And Loue in no wyse wolde consent
 That ye haue power to repent
 For though that quicke ye wolde him slo
 Fro loue his herte may nat go 3524
 Nowe swete sir / it is your ease
 Him for to angre or disease
 Alas / what maye it you auauance
 To done to him so great greuance 3528
 What worshippe is it agayne him take
 Or on your man a werre make
 Sithe he so lowly euery wyse
 Is redy / as ye luste deuyse . 3532
 If Loue haue caught him in his lace
 You for to bey in euery caas
 And ben your subiecte at your wyl
 Shulde ye therfore wyllen him yl 3536
 Ye shulde him spare more al out
 Than him that is bothe proude and stout
 Curtesy wol that ye socure 3539
 Hem / that ben meke vnder your cure
 His hert is harde that wol nat meke
 Whan men of mekenesse him beseke.
THIS is certayne / sayd Pyte
 We se ofte that humylyte 3544
 Bothe yre / and also felony
 Venquyssheth / and also melancoly
 To stonde forthe in suche duresse
 This cruelte and wickednesse 3548
 Wherfore I pray you sir Daungere
 For to mayntene no lenger here
¹Suche cruel werre agayne your man
 As holly yours as euer he can [146 bk., col. 2]
 Nor that ye worchen no more wo 3553
 Vpon this caytife / that languyssheth so
 Whiche wol no more to you trespace
 But put him holly in your grace 3556
 His offence ne was but lyte
 The god of Loue it was to wyte
 That he your thrall so greatly is 3559
 And if ye harme him ye done amys
 For he hath had ful harde penaunce

Syth that ye refte him thaqueyntaunce
 Of Bialacoil / his moste ioye
 Whiche al his paynes might acoye 3564
 He was before anyed sore
 But than ye doubled him wel more
 For he of blysse hath ben ful bare
 Sythe Bialacoil was fro hym fare 3568
 Loue hath to hym great distresse
 He hath no nede of more duresse
 Voydeth from him your yre I rede
 Ye may not wynnyn in this dede 3572
 Maketh Bialacoil repayre agayne
 And haueth pyte vpon his payne
 For Fraynchyse wol / and I Pyte
 That merciful to him ye be 3576
 And sythe that she and I accorde
 Haue vpon him misericorde
 For I you pray / and eke moneste
 Nought to refusen our requeste 3580
 For he is harde / and fel of thought
 That for vs two wol do right nought
 Daunger ne might no more endure
 He meked him vnto mesure. 3584

 I wol in no wyse / sayth Daungere
 Deny / that ye haue asked here
 It were to great vncurtesye
 I wol ye haue the companye 3588
 Of Bialacoil / as ye deuysse
 I wol him let in no wyse
 To Bialacoil than went in hye
 Fraunchise / and sayd ful curteslye
 Ye haue to longe be deignous 3593
 Vnto this louer / and daungerous
 Fro him to withdrawe your presence
 Whiche hath do to him great offence
 That ye not wolde vpon him se
 Wherefore a sorouful man is he [Fo. c. xlvii.]
 Shape ye to paye him / and to please
 Of my loue if ye wol haue ease 3600

Fulfyl his wyl / sithe that ye knowe¹
 Through helpe of me and of Pyte
 You dare no more aferde be 3604
 I shal do right as ye wyl
 Saith Bialacoil / for it is skyl
 Sithe Daungere wol that it so be 3607
 Than Fraunchise hath him sent to me.
 [1. 3602 'Daunger is daunted & brought lowe' is left out.]
Byalacoil at the begynnyng
 Salued me in his commyng
 No straungenesse was in him sene 3611
 No more than he ne had wrathed bene
 As fayre semblaunt than shewed he me
 And goodly / as aforne dyd he
 And by the honde without dout
 Within the haye right al about 3616
 He ladde me with right good chere
 Al enuyron the vergere
 That Daunger hadde me chased fro
 Nowe haue I leaue ouer al to go 3620
 Nowe am I rayسد at my deuysse
 Fro hel vnto paradise
 Thus Bialacoil of gentylnesse
 With al his payne and besynesse
 Hath shewed me onely of grace 3625
 The eftres of the swote place
 I sawe the Rose whan I was nygh
 Was greater woxen / and more high
 Fresshe / roddy / and fayre of hewe
 Of colour euer yliche newe 3630
 And whan I hadde it longe sene
 I sawe that through the leues grene
 The Rose spredde to spaunysshinge
 To sene it was a goodly thyng
 But it ne was so sprede on brede 3635
 That men within myght knowe the sede
 For it couert was and close
 Bothe with the leues and with the rose
 The stalke was euen and grene vpright
 It was theron a goodly syght 3640

And wel the better without wene
 For the seed was nat sene
 Ful fayre it spradde the god of blesse
 For suche another / as I gesse 3644
¹Aforne ne was ne more vermayle
 I was abawed for marueyle [147, col. 2]
 For euer the fayrer that it was 3647
 The more I am bounden in loues laas
 Longe I abode there sothe to saye
 Tyl Bialacoil I ganne to praye
 Whan that I sawe him in no wyse
 To me warnen his seruyce 3652
 That he me wolde graunt a thyng
 Whiche to remembre is wel syttyng
 This is to sayne / that of his grace
 He wolde me yeue leysar and space
 To me that was so desyrus 3657
 To haue a kyssynge precious
 Of the goodly fresshe Rose
 That so swetely smelleth in my nose
 For if it you displeased nought 3661
 I wolde gladly / as I haue sought
 Haue a cosse therof freely
 Of your yefte / for certainly 3664
 I wol none haue / but by your leue
 So lothe me were you for to greue

HE sayd / frende so god me spede
 Of Chastite I haue such drede
 Thou shuldest nat warned be for me
 But I dare nat for Chastyte 3670
 Agayne her dare I nat mysdo
 For alwaye byddeth she me so
 To yeue no louer leaue to kysse
 For who therto maye wynnen ywisse
 He of the surplus of the praye 3675
 My lyfe in hoope to gette some daye
 For who so kyssynge maye attayne
 Of loues payne hath (sothe to sayne)
 The best and most auenaunt

And earnest of the remenaunt. 3680

OF his answeere I sighed sore
 I durst assaye him tho no more
 I hadde suche drede to greue him aye
 A man shulde nat to moche assaye 3684
 To chafe his frende out of measure
 Nor putte his lyfe in auenture
 For no man at the first stroke
 Ne maye nat fel downe an oke 3688
 Nor of the reysyns haue the wyne
 Tyl grapes be rype and wel a fyne
 Be sore empressed / I you ensure [147 bk.]
 And drawen out of the pressure 3692
 But I forpeyned wonder stronge
 Though that I abode right longe
 After the kysse / in payne and wo
 Sithe I to kysse desyred so 3696
 Tyl that rennyng on my distresse
 There come Venus the goddesse
 (Whiche aye werryeth Chastite)
 Came of her grace to socour me 3700
 Whose myght is knowe ferre and wyde
 For she is mother of Cupyde.

THE god of Loue / blynde as stone
 That helpeth louers many one
 This lady brought in her right honde
 Of brennyng fyre a blasyng bronde
 Wherof the flame and hote fyre
 Hath many a lady in desyre 3708
 Of Loue brought / and sore hette
 And in her seruyce her hert is sette
 This lady was of good entayle
 Right wonderful of apparayle 3712
 By her atyre so bright and sinene
 Men myght perceyue wel and sene
 She was nat of Relygioun
 Nor I nyl make mencion 3716
 Nor of robe / nor of tresour

Of broche / neither of her riche attour
 Ne of gyrdel about her syde
 For that I nyl nat longe abyde 3720
 But knoweth wel / that certainly
 She was arrayed richely
 Deuoyde of pride certayne she was
 To Bialacoil she went a paas 3724
 And to hym shortely in a clause
 She sayd / sir : what is the cause
 Ye ben of porte so daungerous
 Vnto this louer / and daynous 3728
 To graunt him nothyng but a kysse
 To warne it him ye done amysse
 Sithe wel ye wotte / howe that he
 Is loues seruaunt / as ye maye se 3732
 And hath beaute / wherthrough is
 Worthy of loue to haue the blys
 Howe he is semely beholde and se
 Howe he is fayre / howe he is free 3736
 Howe he is swote / and debonayre
 Of age yonge / lusty / and fayre [147 bk.,
 col. 2]
 There is no lady so hawtayne
 Duchesse / countesse / ne chastelayne
 That I nolde holde her vngoodly 3741
 For to refuce him vtterly
 His brethe is also good and swete
 And eke his lypes roddy and mete
 Onely to playne / and to kysse
 Graunt him a kysse of gentylnesse 3746
 His teth arne also white and clene
 Me thynketh wronge withouten wene
 If ye nowe warne him / trusteth me
 To graunt that a kysse haue he
 The lasse ye helpe him that ye haste
 And the more tyme shul ye waste 3752
 Whan the flame of the very bronde
 That Venus brought in her right honde
 Hadde Bialacoil with his hete smete
 Anone he badde me withouten lete 3756
 Graunt to me the rose kysse

Than of my payne I ganne to lysse
 And to the rose anone went I
 And kyssed it ful faithfully 3760
 There nede no man aske / if I was blythe
 Whan the sauour softe and lythe
 Stroke to myne hert without more
 And me allegged of my sore
 So was I ful of ioye and blysse 3765
 It is fayre suche a floure to kysse
 It was so swote and fauerous
 I myght nat be so anguysshous 3768
 That I mote gladde and ioly be
 Whan that I remembre me
 Yet euer amonge sothly to sayne
 I suffre noye and moche payne. 3772

THe see may neuer be so styl
 That with a lytel wynde at wyl
 Ouerwhelme and tourne also
 As it were woode in wawes go 3776
 After the calme the trouble sonne
 Mote folowe / and chaunge as the moone
 Right so fareth Loue / that selde in one
 Holdeth his ancre / for right anone 3780
 Whan they in ease wene best to lyue
 They ben with tempest al fordryue
 Who serueth Loue / canne tel of wo
 The stoundmele ioye mote ouergo 3784
¹Nowe he hurteth / and nowe he cureth
 For selde in o poynte loue endureth.

[¹ Fo. C.xlviii.]

Nowe is it right me to procede 3787
 Howe Shame gan medle and take hede
 Through whom fel angres I haue hade
 And howe the stronge wall was made
 And the castell of brede and length
 That god of Loue wan with his strength
 Al this in Romaunce wyll I sette 3793
 And for no thyng ne wyll I lette
 So that it lykynge to her be

That is the flour of beaute	3796	It is wel shewed by the dede	3836
For she may best my labour quyte		Great faute in the nowe haue I founde	
That I for her loue shal endyete		By god anone thou shalte be bounde	
Wicked tonge that the couyne		And faste loken in a toure	
Of euery louer can deuyne	3800	Without refuyte or socoure.	3840
Worste / and addeth more somdele			
(For wicked tonge saythe neuer wele)		F Or shame to longe hath be the fro	
To mewarde bare he right great hate		Ouer soone she was ago	
Espyng me erly and late	3804	Whan <i>thou</i> hast lost bothe drede	
Tyl he hath sene the great chere		& fere	
Of Bialacoil and me yfere		It semed wel she was nat here	3844
He might not his tonge withstonde		She was besy in no wyse	
Worse to reporte than he fonde	3808	To kepe the and chastice	
He was so ful of cursed rage		And for to helpen Chastite	3847
It satte him wele of his lynage		To kepe the Roser / as thynketh me	
For him an Irisse woman bare	3811	For than this boye knaue so boldly	
His tonge was fyled sharpe and square		Ne shulde nat haue be hardy	
Poignaunt and right keruyng		In this verge hadde suche game	3851
And wonder bytter in spekyng		Whiche nowe me tourneth to great	
For whan that he me gan espye		shame.	
He swore (affirmyng sykerly)	3816		
Bytwene Bialacoil and me		B ialacoil nyst what to saye	
Was yuel aquayntaunce and priue		Ful fayne he wolde haue fledde	
He spake therof so foliye		away	
That he awaked Ielousye	3820	For fear haue hydde / nere that he	
Whiche al afrayde in his risyng		Al sodainly toke him with me	3856
Whan that he herde ianglyng		And whan I sawe he had so	
He ran anon as he were wode		This Ielousye take vs two	
To Bialacoil there that he stode	3824	I was astoned / and knewe no rede	
Whiche had leuer in this caas		But fledde away for very drede.	3860
Haue ben at Reynes or Amyas			
For foote hote in his felonye		Than Shame came forthe ful symple	
To hym thus sayd Ielousye	3828	She wende haue trespaced ful greatly	
Why haste thou ben so neglygent		Humble of her porte / and made it	
To kepen / whan I was absent		symple	
This verger here left ein thy warde? [so]		Wearyng a vayle in stede of wymple	
¹ To me thou haddest no garde	3832	As nonnes done in her abbey	3865
To truste (to thy confusyon) [1. lit. 148, col. 2]		By cause her herte was in affray	
Him thus / to whom suspicion		She gan to speke within a throwe	
I haue right great / for it is nede		To Ielousye / right wonder lowe	3868

First of his grace she besought		Bialacoil to do your wyll.	3908
And sayd sir / ne leneth nought		Shame Shame (sayd Ielousy)	
Wicked tonge / that false espye	3871	To be bytrasshed great drede haue I	
Whiche is so glad to fayne and lye		Lecherye hath clombe so hye	
He hath you made / through flateryng		That almoste blered is myn eye	3912
On Bialacoil a false leasyng		No wonder is / if that drede haue I	
His falsnesse is not nowe a newe		Ouer al reigneth lechery	
It is to longe that he him knewe	3876	Whose myght groweth nyght and dey	
This is not the first daye	[leaf 148, back]	Bothe in cloystre and in abbey	3916
For wicked tonge hath custome aye		Chastyte is werreyed ouer all	
Yonge folkes to bewrye		Therefore I wol with syker wall	
And false lesynges on hem lye.	3880	Close bothe roses and rosere	
		I haue to long in this manere	3920
Yet neuerthelesse I se amonge		Lefte hem vnclosed wylfully	
That the loigne it is so longe		Wherfore I am right inwardly	
Of Bialacoil / hertes to lure		Sorouful / and repente me [1 if. 148 bk., col. 2]	
In loues seruyce for to endure	3884	¹ But nowe they shal no lenger be	3924
Drawyng suche folke him to		Vnclosed / and yet I drede sore	
That he hath nothyng with to do		I shal repent ferthermore	
But in sothnesse I trowe nought		For the game gothe al amys	
That Bialacoil had euer in thought	3888	Counsayle I must newe iwys	3928
To do trespase or vilanye		I haue to longe trusted the	
But for his mother Curtesye		But nowe it shal no lenger be	
Hath taught him euer to be		For he may best in enery coste	
Good of aqueyntaunce and priue	3892	Disceyue / that men trusten moste	3932
For he loueth none heuynesse		I se wel that I am nyghe shent	
But myrthe and play / and al gladnesse		But if I sette my ful entent	
He hateth al trechours		Remedye to puruey	
Soleyne folke and enuyous	3896	Wherfore close I shal the wey	3936
For ye weten howe that he		Fro hem that wol the rose espye	
Wol euer glad and ioyful be		And come to wayte me vilonye	
Honestly with folke to pley		For in good faythe and in trouthe	
I haue be neglygent in good fey	3900	I wol not let for no slouthe	3940
To chastyse him / therefore nowe I		To lyue the more in sykernesse	
Of herte I crye you here mercy		Do make anon a fortresse	
That I haue ben so recheles		Than close the roses of good sauour	
To tamen hym withouten lees	3904	In myddes shal I make a tour	3944
Of my foly I me repente		To put Bialacoil in prison	
Nowe wol I hole set myn entente		For euer I drede me of treson	
To kepe bothe lowe and styl		I trowe I shal hym kepe so	

That he shal haue no might to go	3948	Whan that he set not his thought	
Aboute to make companye		To kepe better the purprise	
To hem that thynke of vilanye		In his doying he is not wyse	3988
Ne to no suche as hath ben here	3951	He hath to vs do great wronge	
Aforne / and founde in him good chere		That hath suffred nowe so longe	
Whiche han assayled him to shende		Bialacoil to haue his wyll	
And with her trowandyse to blende		Al his lustes to fulfyll	3992
A foole is eyth to begyle		He muste amende it vtterly	
But may I lyue a lytel while	3956	Or els shal he vilaynously	
He shal forthynke his fayre semblaunt.		Exyled be out of this londe	3995
And with that worde came Drede		For he the werre may not withstonde	
aunaunt		Of Ielousye / nor the grefe	
Whiche was abashed / and in great fere		Sythe Bialacoil is at mischefe.	
Whan he wyste Ielousye was there			
He was for drede in suche affray	3961	T O Daunger Shame & Drede anon	
That not a worde durste he saye		The right way ben gon	4000
But quakyng stode ful styl alone		The chorle they founde hem aforne	
(Tyl Ielousye his way was gone)	3964	Lyggyng vnder an hawethorne	
Saue Shame / that him not forsoke		Vnder his heed no pylowe was	
Bothe Drede and she ful sore quoke		But in the stede a trusse of gras	4004
That at laste drede abrayde		He slombred / and a nappe he toke	
And to his cosyng Shame sayde	3968	Tyl Shame pitously him shoke	
		And great manace on him gan make	
Shame (he sayd) in sothfastnesse		Why slepest thou / whan thou shulde	
To me it is great heynesse		wake	4008
That the noyse so ferre is go	[Fo. C.xlix.]	(Quod Shame) thou doest vs vilanye	
And the sclaunder of vs two	3972	Who trusteth the / he dothe folye	
But sythe that it is befall		To kepe roses or bothoms	4011
We may it not agayne call		Whan they ben fayre in her sesons	
Whan ones spronge is a fame		Thou arte woxe to famyliere	
For many a yere withouten blame	3976	Where thou shulde be straunge of chere	
We haue ben / and many a day		Stoute of thy porte / redy to greue	
For many an Aprill / and many a May		Thou doest great folye for to leue	4016
We han passed / not shamed		Bialacoil here inne to call	[1 ff. 149, col. 2]
Tyl Ielousye hath vs blamed	3980	The yonder man / to shenden vs all	
Of mystrust and susppection		Though that thou slepe / we may here	
Causelesse / without encheson		Of Ielousye great noyse here	4020
Go we to Daunger hastely		Arte thou nowe late / ryse vp an hye	
And let us shewe hym openly	3984	And stoppe sone and delyuerly	
That he hath not a right wrought		Al the gappes of the hay	

Do no fauour / I the pray	4024	With that the chorle his clubbe gan shake
It falleth nothyng to thy name		Frownyng his eyen gan to make
To make fayre semblaunt / where thou mayste blame		And hydous chere / as man in rage
		For yre he brent in his visage [149 bk.] 4064
I F Bialacoil be swete and free	4027	Whan that he herde him blamed so
Dogged and fel thou shuldest be		He said / out of my wytte I go
Forwarde and outragious iwys		To be discomfyte I haue great wronge
A chorle chaungeth that curteys is		Certes I haue nowe lyued to longe 4068.
This haue I herde ofte in sayeng		Sithe I maye nat this closer kepe
That man may for no daunting	4032	Al quycke I wolde be doluen depe
Make a sperhauke of a bosarde		If any man shal more repayre 4071
Al men wol holde the for musarde		In to this gardyn for foule or fayre .
That debonayre haue founden the	4035	Myne herte for yre gothe a fere
It sytteth the nought curteys to be		That I lette any entre here
To do men plesaunce or seruyse		I haue do folly nowe I se
In the it is recreaundyse		But nowe it shal amended be 4076
Let thy werkes ferre and nere	4039	Who setteth fote here any more
Be lyke thy name / whiche is Daungere		Truly he shal repent it sore
Than al abawed in shewyng		For no man more in to this place
Anon spake Drede / right thus sayeng		Of me to entre shal haue grace 4080
And sayd / Daunger I drede me		Leuer I had with swerdes twayne
That thou me wolte besy be	4044	Throughout myn herte / in euery vayne
To kepe that thou haste to kepe		Perced to be / with many a wounde
Whan thou shuldest wake / thou art a slepe		Than slouthe shulde in me be founde
Thou shalt be greued certainly		From hensforthe by nyght or day 4085
If the aspye Ielousye	4048	I shal defende it if I may
Or if he fynde the in blame		Withouten any excepcion
He hath to day assayled Shame		Of eche maner condycion
And chased away / with great manace		And if I it any man graunte
Bialacoil out of this place	4052	Holdeth me for recreaunte. 4090
And swereth shortly that he shall		T Han Daunger on his fete gan stonde
Enclose him in a sturdy wall		And hente a burdon in his honde
And al is for thy wickydnesse		Wrothe in his ire ne lefte he nought
For that the fayleth straungenesse	4056	But through the verger he hath sought
Thyn herte I trowe be fayled all		If he myght fynde hole or trace 4095
Thou shalte repent in speciall		Where through that me mote forthe by
If Ielousye the sothe knewe	4059	pace
Thou shalte forthynke / and sore rewe.		Or any gappe / he dyd it close

That no man might touche a rose		From paradyse and welthe / the more	
Of the Roser all aboute		My turment greueth more / and more	
He shytteth euery man without	4100	Anoyeth nowe the bytternesse	4139
Thus day by day Daunger is wers		That I toforne haue felte swetnesse	
More wonderful and more dyuers		And wicked tonge / through his falskede	
And feller eke / than euer he was		Causeth al my wo and drede	
For hym ful ofte I synge alas	4104	On me he leyeth a pytous charge	
For I ne may nought / through his yre		Bycause his tonge was to large.	4144
Recouer that I moste desyre			
Myn herte alas / wol brest a two		Nowe it is tyme shortly that I	
For Bialacoil I wrathed so	4108	Tell you somthyng of Ielousy	
For certaynly in euery membre		That was in great suspicion	
I quake / whan I me remembre		Aboute him lefte he no mason	4148
Of the bothom / whiche I wolde	[149 bk., col. 2]	That stone coulede laye / ne querroure	
Ful ofte a day sene and beholde	4112	He hyred hem to make a tour	
And whan I thynke vpon the kysse		And first the roses for to kepe	
And howe muche ioye and blysse		Aboute hem made he a diche depe	4152
I had through the sauour swete		Right wonder large / and also brode	
For wante of it I grone and grete	4116	Vpon the whiche also stode	
Me thynketh I fele yet in my nose		Of squared stone / a sturdy wall	4155
The swete sauour of the rose		Whiche on a cragge was founded all	
And nowe I wote that I mote go		And right great thicknesse eke it bare	
So ferre the fresshe floures fro	4120	About it was founded square	[Fo. c.1.]
To me ful welcome were the dethe		An hundred fadome on euery syde	
Absence therof (alas) me slethe		It was al lyche longe and wyde	4160
For whylom with this rose / alas	4123	Lest any tyme it were assayed	
I touched nose / mouthe / and face		Ful wel aboute it was batayled	
But nowe the dethe I must abyde		And rounde enuyron eke were sette	
But Loue consent another tyde		Ful many a riche and fayre tourette	
That ones I touche may and kysse		At euery corner of this wall	4165
I trowe my payne shal neuer lysse	4128	Was sette a toure ful principall	
Theron is al my couctyse		And eueriche hadde without fable	
Whiche brent myn herte in many wyse		A portcolyse defensable	4168
Nowe shal repayre agayne syghyng		To kepe of enemyes / and to greue	
Longe wache on nyghtes / and no		That there her force wolde preue	
slepyng	4132	And eke amydde this purprise	4171
Thought in wysshying / turment / and wo		Was made a toure of great maistryse	
With many a turnyng to and fro		A fayrer saugh no man with syght	
That halfe my payne I can not tell		Large and wyde / and of great myght	
For I am fallen in to hell	4136	They dradde none assaut	

Of gynne / gonne / nor skaffaut	4176	Sergeauntes assigned were her to	
The temprure of the mortere		Ful many / her wyl for to do	4216
Was made of lycour wonder dere		Than Drede had in her baillye	
Of quicke lyme persaunt and egre	4179	The keypyng of the conestablerye	
The whiche was tempred with vynegre		Towarde the northe I vnderstonde	
The stone was harde of adamant		That opened vpon the lyfte honde	4220
Wherof they made the foundemant		The whiche for nothyng may be sure	
The toure was rounde made in compas		But if she do besy cure	
In al this worlde no richer was	4184	Erly on morowe / and also late	4223
Ne better ordayned there withal		Strongly to shette and barre the gate	
Aboute the toure was made a wal		Of euery thyng that she may se	
So that betwixt that and the toure		Drede is a ferde / where so she be	
Roses were sette of swete sanour	4188	For with a puffe of lytel wynde	
With many roses that they bere		Drede is astonyed in her mynde	4228
And eke within the castel were		Therefore for stealyng of the rose	
Springoldes / gones / bowes / and		I rede her not the yate vnclose	
archers		A foules flyght wol make her fle	
And eke about at corners	4192	And eke a shadowe if she it se.	4232
Men seyne ouer the wal stonde			
Great engyns / who were nerehonde		T Han wicked tonge ful of enuye	
And in the kernels here and there		With soudyours of Normandye	
Of arblasters great plentie were	4196	As he that causeth al the bate	
None armure myght her strok withstonde		Was keper of the fourthe gate	4236
It were foly to peace to honde		And also to the tother thre	
Without the dytche were lystes made		He went ful ofte for to se	
With wal batayled large and brade	4200	Whan his lotte was to wake a nyght	
For men and horse shulde not attayne		His instrumentes wolde he dyght	4240
To nyghe the dyche ouer the playne		For to blowe and make sowne	
Thus Ielousye hath enuyron		Offer than he hath enchesoun	
Set aboute his garnyson	4204	And walken ofte vpon the wall	
With walles rounde / and dyche depe		Corners and wickettes ouer all	4244
Onely the Roser for to kepe [Fo. C.1, col. 2]		Ful narowe serchen and espye	
And Daunger erly and late		Though he naught fonde / yet wolde he	
The keyes kepte of the vtter gate	4208	lye	
The whiche openeth towarde the eest		Discordaunt euer fro armony	
And he had with him at leest		And distoned from melodye	4248
Thurdy seruauntes echone by name		Controue he wolde / and foule fayle	
That other gate kept Shame	4212	With hornepypes of Cornewayle	
Whiche opened / as it was couthe		In floytes made he discordaunce	4251
Towarde the parte of the southe		And in his musyke with mischaunce	

He wolde seyne with notes newe ^[150 bk.]	She was except in his seruyse	4291
That he fonde no woman trewe	She kneye eche wrenche and euery gyse	
Ne that he sawe neuer in his lyfe	Of Loue / and euery wyle	
Vnto her husbonde a trewe wyfe	It was harde her to begyle	4256
Ne none so ful of honeste	Of Bealacoil she toke aye hede	4295
That she nyl laughe and mery be	That euer he lyueth in wo and drede	
Whan that she hereth or may espye	He kepte him koye / and eke priue	
A man speken of lecherye	Leest in him she had se	4260
Eueryche of hem hath some vyce	Any foly countenance ^[f. 150, bk., col. 2]	
One is dishonest / another is nyce	¹ For she knewe al the olde daunce	4300
If one be ful of vilanye	And after this whan Ielousye	
Another hath a lykerous eye	Had Bealacoil in his baillie	4264
If one be ful of wantonnesse	And shette him vp that was so fre	
Another is a chyderesse.	For sure of him he wolde be	4304
	He trusteth sore in his castell	
Thus wicked tonge / god yeue him	The stronge werke him lyketh well	
shame	He dradde not that no glotons	4267
Can put hem euerychone in blame	Shulde steale his roses or bothoms	4308
Without deserte and causelesse	The roses weren assured all	
He lyeth / though they ben gyltlesse	Defenced with the stronge wall	
I haue pyte to sene the sorowe	Nowe Ielousye ful wel may be	4271
That walketh bothe eue and morowe	Of drede deuoyde in lyberte	4312
To innocentes dothe suche greuance	Whether that he slepe or wake	
I pray god yeue him yuel chaunce	For of his roses may none be take.	
That he euer so besye is		
Of any woman to seyne amys	B Vt I (alas) nowe morne shal	4315
Eke Ielousye / god confounde	Bycause I was without the wal	
That hath made a toure so rounde	Ful moche doole and mone I made	
And made aboute a garyson	Who had wyste what wo I hade	
To sette Bealacoil in prison	I trowe he wolde haue had pyte	4280
The whiche is shette there in the tour	Loue to dere had solde me	4320
Ful longe to holde there soiour	The good that of his loue had I	
There for to lyue in penaunce	I wente aboute it al queyntly	
And for to do him more greuance	But nowe through doublyng of my payne	4284
Whiche hath ordayned Ielousye	I se he wolde it sell agayne	4324
An olde vecke for to espye	And me a newe bargayne lere	
The maner of his gouernaunce	The whiche al out the more is dere	4287
The whiche dyuel in her enfaunce	For the solace that I haue lorne	
Had lerned of loues arte	Than I had it neuer aforne	4328
And of his pleys toke her parte	Certayne I am ful lyke in dede	

To him that caste in erthe his sede	For al my ioye and al myne hele
And hath ioye of the newe spring	Was in him / and in the Rose
Whan it greneth in the gynyng 4332	That but you wol / whiche him dothe
And is also fayre and fresshe of flour	close 4372
Lusty to sene / swote of odoure	Openne / that I maye him se
But er he it in sheues shere	Loue wol nat that I cured be
May fall a wether that shal it dere 4336	Of the paynes that I endure
And make it to fade and fall	Nor of my cruel auenture. 4376
The stalke / the greyne / and floures all	
That to the tyllers is fordone	A H / Bialacoil myne owne dere
The hope that he had to sone 4340	Though thou be nowe a prisonere
I drede certayne that so fare I	Kepe at leest thyne herte to me
For hope and trauayle sykerly	And suffre nat that it daunted be 4380
Ben me byrafte al with a storme	Ne lette nat Ielousy in his rage
The floure nyl seden of my corne 4344	Putten thyne herte in no seruage
For Loue hath so anaunced me	Al though he chastice the without
Whan I began my priuyte	And make thy body vnto him lout 4384
To Bailacoil al for to tel [Fo. c.ii.] 4347	Haue herte as harde as diamant
Whom I ne founde frowarde ne fel	Stedfast / and naught plyaunt
But toke agree al hole my play	In prison though thy body be
But loue is of so harde assaye	At large kepe thyne herte free 4388
That al atones he reued me 4351	A trewe herte wol nat plye
Whan I wente best abouen to haue be	For no manace that it maye drye
It is of loue / as of fortune	If Ielousye dothe the payne
That chaungeth ofte / and nyl contune	Quyte him his while thus agayne 4392
Whiche whilom wol on folke smyle	To venge the at leest in thought
And glombe en hem another while 4356	If other waye thou mayst nought ^[Fo. C.ii. col. 2.]
Nowe frende nowe foe shalte her fele	And in this wyse subtelly
For a twynclynge tourneth her whele	Worche / and wynne the maistry 4396
She canne writhe her heed awaye	But yet I am in great affraye
This is the concourse of her playe 4360	Lest thou do nat / as I saye
She canne areyse that dothe mourne	I drede thou canst me great maugre
And whirle adowne and ouertourne	That thou enprisoned arte for me 4400
Who sytteth hyghest / but as her lust	But that nat for my trespas
A foole is he that wol her trust 4364	For through me neuer discovered was
For it is I that am come downe	Yet thyng / that ought be secree
Through charge and reuolutioun	Wel more annoye is in me 4404
Sithe Bialacoil mote fro me twynne	Than is in the of this myschaunce
Shette in the prison yonde withinne	For I endure more harde penaunce
His absence at myne herte I fele 4369	Than any canne sayne or thyнке

- That for the sorowe almost I synke
 Whan I remembre me of my wo 4409
 Ful nyghe out of my wytte I go.
 Inwarde myne herte I fele blede
 For comfortlesse the dethe I drede 4412
 Owe I nat wel to haue dystresse
 Whan false / through her wickednesse
 And traytours / that arne enuyous
 To noyen me / be so coragious 4416
 Ah / Bialacoile ful wel I se
 That they hem shape to disceyue the
 To make the buxome to her lawe
 And with her corde the to drawe 4420
 Where so hem lust / right at her wyl
 I drede they haue the brought there tyl
 Without comforte / thought me slethe
 This game wol bringe me to my dethe
 For if your good wyl I lese 4425
 I mote be deed I maye nat chese
 And if that thou foryete me
 Myne hert shal neuer in lykyng be
 Nor elsewhere fynde solace 4429
 If I be putte out of your grace
 As it shal neuer ben I hoope
 Than shulde I fal in wanhope 4432
 Alas / in wanhope : naye parde
 For I wol neuer dispeyred be
 If hope me fayle / than am I
 Vngratious and vnworthy 4436
 In hoope I wol confortd be
 For Loue / whan he betaught her me
 Sayd / that hoope where so I go
 Shulde aye be relees to my wo 4440
 But what and she my bales bete
 And be to me curteis and swete [Fo. C.li,
 back]
 She is in nothyng ful certayne
 Louers she putte in ful great payne
 And maketh hem with wo to dele 4445
 Her fayre behest disceyueh folc
 For she wol behote sykerly
- And faylen after vtterly 4448
 Ah / that is a ful noyous thyng
 For many a loue in louyng
 Hangeth vpon her / and trusteth fast
 Whiche lese her traueyle at the last
 Of thyng to commen she wotte right
 nought 4453
 Therefore if it be wisely sought
 Her counsaile foly is to take
 For many tymes / whan she wol make
 A ful good sylogisme / I drede 4457
 That afterwarde there shal in dede
 Folowe an yuel conclusyoun
 This putte me in confusyoun
 For many tymes I haue it sene 4461
 That many haue begyled bene
 For truste that they haue sette in hoope
 Whiche fel hem afterwarde a slope.
- B**Vt nathelesse yet gladly she wolde
 That he that wol him with her
 holde 4466
 Hadde al tymes her purpose clere
 Without disceyte or any were
 That she desyreth sykerly 4469
 Whan I her blamed I dyd foly
 But what auayleth her good wyl
 Whan she ne maye staunche my
 stounde yl 4472
 That helpeth lytel that she maye do
 Outtake beheest vnto my wo
 And heest certayne in no wyse
 Without yefte is nat to preyse. 4476
- Whan heest and dede a sondre vary
 They done a great contrary
 Thus am I possed vp and downe
 With doole / thought / and confusyoun
 Of my disease there is no nombre 4481
 Daungere and Shame me encombre

Drede also / and Ielousye
 And Wicked Tonge ful of enuye 4484
 Of whiche the sharpe and cruel Ire
 Ful ofte me putte in great martyre
 They haue my ioye fully lette
 Sithe Bialacoil they haue beshette <sup>[151 bk.,
col. 2]</sup>
 Fro me in prison wickedly 4489
 Whome I loue so entierly
 That it wol my bane be
 But I the sooner maye him se 4493
 And yet more ouer worste of al
 There is sette to kepe / foule her befall
 A Rympled vecke ferre ronne in rage
 Frownyng and yelowe in her visage
 Whiche in awayte lyeth day and nyght
 That none of hem may haue a syght.

NOwe mote my sorowe enforced be
 Ful soth it is that Loue yafe me
 Thre wonder yeftes of his grace 4501
 Whiche I haue lorne nowe in this place
 Sithe they ne maye without drede
 Helpen but lytel who taketh hede 4504
 For here aueyleth no Swete thought
 And swete Speche helpeth right nought
 The thirde was called Swete Lokyng
 That nowe is lorne without lesyng. 4508

Yeftes were fayre / but nat for thy
 They helpe me but simply
 But Bialacoil loosed be
 To gone at large / and to be free 4512
 For him my lyfe lyeth al in dout
 But if he come the rather out
 Alas I trowe it wol nat bene 4515
 For howe shulde I euermore him sene?
 He maye nat out / and that is wronge
 Bycause the Toure is so stronge
 Howe shulde he out / or by whose
 prowessse

Of so stronge a forteresse ? 4520
 By me certayne it nyl be do
 God wotte I haue no wytte therto
 But wel I wotte I was in rage
 Whan I to Loue dydde homage 4524
 Who was in cause (in sothfastnesse)
 But her selfe dame Idelnesse?
 Whiche me conueyde through fayre
 prayere
 To enter in to that fayre vergere 4528
 She was to blame me to leue
 The whiche nowe dothe me sore greue
 A fooles worde is nought to trowe
 Ne worthe an apple for to lowe 4532
 Menne shulde him snybbe bitterly
 At prime temps of his foly [Fo. c. lii.]
 I was a foole / and she me leued
 Through whom I am right nought releued
 She accomplysshed al my wyll 4537
 That nowe me greueth wonder yll.

REason me sayde what shulde fall
 A foole my selfe I may wel call
 That loue a syde I had nat layde 4541
 And trowed that dame Reson sayde
 Reson had bothe skylly and ryght
 Whan she me blamed / with al her
 myght 4544
 To medle of loue / that hath me shent
 But certayne nowe I wol repent.

ANd shulde I repent? nay parde
 A false traytour / than shulde I be
 The dyuels engyns wolde me take 4549
 If I my loue wolde forsake
 Or Bialacoil falsly betraye
 Shulde I at mischeffe hate him? naye
 Sythe he nowe for his curtesye 4553
 Is in prison of Ielousye
 Curtesye certayne dyd he me

So moche / that it may not yolden be
 Whan he the hay passen me lete 4557
 To kysse the Rose / fayre and swete
 Shulde I therefore conne him maugre
 Nay certaynly / it shal not be 4560
 For Loue shal neuer yeue good wyll
 Here of me / through worde or wyll
 Offence or complaynt more or lesse
 Neyther of Hope nor Idelnesse 4564
 For certes it were wronge that I
 Hated hem for her curtesye
 There is not els / but suffre and thynke
 And waken whan I shulde wyneke 4568
 Abyde in hope / tyl Loue through
 chaunce
 Sende me socour or allegeaunce
 Expectant aye tyl I may mete
 To getten mercy of that swete. 4572

Whylom I thynke howe Loue to me
 Sayd he wolde take at gre
 My seruyce / if vnpacience
 Caused me to done offence 4576
 He sayd / in thanke I shal it take
 And hygh mayster eke the make
 If wickednesse ne reue it the [Fo. C.lii,
col. 2]
 But sone I trowe that shal not be 4580
 These were his wordes by and by
 It semed he loued me trewly

Nowe is there not but serue him wele
 If that I thynke his thanke to fele 4584
 My good myn harme / lythe hole in me
 In loue may no defaute be
 For trewe loue ne fayled neuer man
 Sothly the faute mote nedes than 4588
 As god forbyd / be founde in me
 And howe it commeth / I can not se
 Nowe let it gone as it may go
 Whether Loue wol socoure me or slo
 He may do hole on me his wyll 4593

I am so sore bounde hym tyll
 From his seruyce I may not flene
 For lyfe and dethe withouten wene
 Is in his hande / I may not chese 4597
 He may me do bothe wynne and lese
 And sythe so sore he dothe me greue
 Yet if my luste he wolde acheue 4600
 To Bialacoil goodly to be
 I yeue no force what fel on me
 For though I dye / as I mote nede
 I pray Loue of his goodlyhede 4604
 To Bialacoil do gentylnesse
 For whom I lyue in suche distresse
 That I mote dyen for penaunce
 But first / without repentaunce 4608
 I wol me confesse in god entent
 And make in haste my testament
 As louers done that felen smerte
 To Bialacoil leaue I myn herte 4612
 Al hole / without departyng
 Or doublenesse of repentyng.

¶ Comment Raison vient a Lamant.

THUS as I made my passage 4615
 In compleynt / and in cruel rage
 And I not where to fynde a leche
 That couthe vnto myn helpyng eche
 Sodainly agayne comen down
 Out of her tour I sawe Reasoun 4620
 Discrete and wyse / and ful plesaunt
 And of her porte ful auenaunt
 The right way she toke to me
 Whiche stode in great perplexite 4624
 That was possed in euery syde [Fo. C.lii,
back]
 That I nyst where I myght abyde
 Tyl she demurely sadde of chere
 Sayd to me as she came nere 4628
 Myne owne frende / arte thou greued ?
 Howe is this quarel yet atcheued
 Of loues syde ? anone tel me

- Hast thou nat yet of loue thy fyl? 4632
 Arte thou nat wery of thy seruyce?
 That the hath in suche wyse?
 What ioye haste thou in thy louyng?
 Is it swete or bytter thyng 4636
 Canst thou yet chese / lette me se
 What best thy socour myght be.
- Thou seruest a ful noble lorde 4639
 That maketh the thral for thy rewarde
 Whiche aye reneweth thy tourment
 With foly so he hath the blent
 Thou fel in myschefe thylke daye 4643
 Whan thou dyddest / the sothe to saye
 Obeysaunce / and eke homage
 Thou wroughst nothyng as the sage
 Whan thou became his liege man
 Thou dyddest a great foly than 4648
 Thou wystem nat what fel therto
 With what lorde thou haddest to do
 If thou haddest him wel knowe
 Thou haddest nought be brought so
 lowe
 For if thou wystem what it were 4653
 Thou noldest serue him halfe a yere
 Nat a weke / nor halfe a daye
 Ne yet an hour without delaye 4656
 Ne neuer I loued paramours
 His lordshyppe is so ful of shours
 Knowest him ought?
 Lamaunt. Ye dame parde
 Raysoun. Nay nay. Lamaunt. Yes I
 Raysoun. Wherefore lette se 4660
 Lamaunt. Of that he sayd I shulde be
 Gladde to haue suche lorde (as he)
 And maister of suche seignorie
 Raysoun. Knowest him no more?
 Lamaunt. Naye certes I 4664
 Saue that he yafe me rules there
 And went his waye / I nyst where
- And I abode bounde in balaunce
 Lo / there a noble conysaunce. 4668
 ¶ Raysoun. [Fo. C.lii, back, col. 2]
BVt I wol that thou knowe him nowe
 Gynnynge and ende / sithe that
 thou
 Arte so anguysshous and mate
 Disfigured out of astate 4672
 There maye no wretche haue more of wo
 Ne caytife none enduren so
 It were to euery manne syttyng
 Of his lorde haue knowlegyng 4676
 For if thou knewe him out of dout
 Lightly thou shuldest escapen out
 Of thy prysone that marreth the
 Lamaunt. Ye dame sithe my lorde
 is he 4680
 And I his manne made with myne honde
 I wolde ryght fayne vnderstonde
 To knowe of what kynde he be
 If any wolde enforme me. 4684
 ¶ Raysoun.
I Wolde (sayd Reason) the lere
 Sithe thou to lerne hast suche desyre
 And shewe the withouten fable
 A thyng that is nat demonstrable 4688
 Thou shalte withouten science [so]
 And knowe withouten experience
 The thyng that may nat knowen be
 Ne wystem ne shewed in no degree 4692
 Thou mayst the sothe of it nat wyttē
 Though in the it were written
 Thou shalte nat knowe therof more
 Whyle thou arte ruled by his lore 4696
 But vnto him that loue wol flye
 The knotte maye vnclosed be
 Whiche hath to the / as it is founde
 So longe to knytte and nat vnbounde
 Nowe sette wel thyne ententioun
 To here of Loue discriptioun. 4702

L oue it is an hateful pees	Also a swete helle it is
A free acquytaunce without relees	And a sorouful paradys 4744
And through the frette ful of falshede	A plesaunt gayle and easy prisoun
A sicknesse al sette in drede	And ful of frost somer seasoun
In herte is a dispeyryng hoope	Pryme temps ful of frostes whyte
And ful of hoope it is wanhoope 4708	And Maye deuoyde of al delyte 4748
Wyse woodnesse / and voyde Reasoun	With seer braunches blossoms vngrene
A swete peryl in to drowne	And newe frute fylled with wynter
An heuy burthen lyght to beare	tene
A wicked wawe awaye to weare 4712	It is a slowe maye nat forbear
It is Carybdes perilous	Raggis rybaned with golde to weare
Disagreable and gratious [Fo. C. liii.]	For al so wel wol loue be sette 4753
¹ It is descordaunce that can accorde	Vnder raggis as riche rochette
And accordaunce to discorde 4716	And eke as wel by amorettes
It is connyng without science	In mournyng blacke / as bright burnettes
Wysedom without sapyence	For none is of so mokel prise 4757
Wyte without discretioun	Ne no manne founden so wyse
Hauoyre without possessyoun 4720	Ne none so highe is of parage
It is lyke hele and hole sicknesse	Ne no manne founde of wytte so sage
A truste drowned and dronknesse	No manne so hardy ne so wight 4761
And helthe ful of maladye	Ne no manne of so mokel myght
And charyte ful of enuye 4724	None so fulfilled of bounte [Fo. C. liii, col. 2]
And angre ful of habundaunce	That he with loue maye daunted be
And a gredy suffysaunce	Al the worlde holdeth this waye 4765
Delyte right ful of heynesse	Loue maketh al to gone myswayne
And dreyed ful of gladnesse 4728	But it be they of yuel lyfe [so]
Bytter swetnesse and swete errour	Whome Genius cursed man and wyfe
Right yuel sauoured good sauour	That wrongly werke agayne nature
Sen that pardone hath withinne	None suche I lone / ne haue no cure
And pardone spotted without synne	Of suche as loues seruauntes bene 4771
A payne also it is ioyous 4733	And wol nat by my counsaile fene
And felonye ryght pytous	For I ne preyse that louyng
Also playe that selde is stable	Wherthrough men at the laste endyng
And stedfast right meuable 4736	Shal cal hem wretches ful of wo 4775
A strength weyked to stonde vpright	Loue greueth hem and shendeth so
And feblenesse ful of myght	But if thou wolte wel loue eschewe
Wyte vnauysed / sage folye	For to escape out of his mewe 4778
And ioye ful of tourmentrye 4740	And make al hoole thy sorowe to slake
A laughter it is wepyng aye	No better counsaile mayst thou take
Rest that traueyleth nyght and daye	Than thynke to fleen wel ywis 4781

Maye nought helpe els / for wytte thou this	For to kyssen and embrace
If thou flye it / it shal flye the	And at her luste them to solace
Folowe it / and folowen shal it the. 4784	Of other thyng loue retcheth nought
¶ Lamaunt.	But setteth her herte and al her thought
Whan I hadde herde al Reason sayne	More for delectatioun 4821
Whiche had spilte her speche in vayne	Than any procreatioun
Dame (sayd I) I dare wel saye	Of other fruite by engendrure
Of this anaunt me wel I maye 4788	Whiche loue to god is nat pleasure 4824
That from your schole so deuiaunt	For of her body fruyte to gette
I am / that neuer the more auaunt	They yeue no force / they are so sette
Right nought am I through your doctryne	Vpon delyte to playe in fere
I dulle vnder your disciplyne 4792	And some haue also this manere 4828
I wotte no more than wyste euer	To faynen hem for loue seke
To me so contrary and so fere	Suche loue I preyse nat at a leke
Is euery thyng that ye me lere	For paramours they do but fayne
And yet I canne it al by partuere 4796	To loue trewly they disdayne 4832
Myne herte foryeteth therof right nought	They falsen ladyes traytoursly
It is so written in my thought	And swerne hem othes vterly
And depe greuen it is so tender	With many a leasyng / and many a fable
That al myne herte I can it render 4800	And al they fynden disceyuable 4836
And rede it ouer communely	And whan they han her luste gotten
But to my fele lewdest am I.	The hote ernes they al foryetten
	Women the harme byen ful sore
	But menne this thynken euermore 4840
B Vt sithe ye Loue discryuen so	That lasse harme is / so mote I thee
And lacke and preise it bothe two	Disceyue them / than disceyued be
Defyneth it in to this letter 4805	And namely where they ne maye
That I maye thynke on it the better	Fynde none other meane waye 4844
For I herde neuer diffyned here	For I wotte wel in sothfastnesse
And wylfully I wolde it lere 4808	That what dothe nowe his besynesse
If loue be serched well and sought [153 bk.]	With any woman for to dele
It is a sicknesse of the thought	For any luste that he maye fele 4848
Annexed and knedde betwixt tweyne	But if it be for engendrure
With male and female with o cheyne	He dothe trespasse I you ensure
So frely that byndeth / that they nyl	For he shulde setten al his wyl
twyne 4813	To gotten a lykely thyng him tyl 4852
Wheder so therof they lese or wyne	And to sustayne / if he myght
The rote spryngeth through hote bren-	And kepe forthe by kyndes ryght
nyngne	His owne lykenesse and semblable
In to disordynate desyringe 4816	For bycause al is corrupable 4856

And fayle shulde successyoun	[153 back, col. 2]	To hym or to his lynage
Ne were their generatioun		It ledeth man / nowe vp nowe downe
Our sectes sterne for to saue		In mokel dissolutioun 4898
Whan father or mother arne in graue		And maketh him loue yuel company
Her chyldeyn shulde / whan they ben		And lede his lyfe disrulyly
bede 4861		And halte hym payde with none estate
Ful dilygent bene in her stede		Within hym selfe is suche debate 4902
To vse that warke on suche a wyse		He chaungeth purpose and entent
That one may through another ryse		And yalte in to some couent
Therefore sette kynde therin delyte		To lyuen after her emprise [Fo. C.iii.]
For men therin shulde hem delyte		And leseth fredom and fraunchyse 4906
And of that dede be nat erke		That nature in him had sette
But ofte sythes haunt that werke 4868		The whiche agayne he may not gette
For none wolde drawe therof a draught		If he there make his mansyon
Ne were delyte / whiche hath him caught		For to abyde professyon 4910
This had subtyl dame Nature		Though for a tyme his herte absente
For none gothe right I the ensure		It may not fayle / he shal repente
Ne hath entent hoole ne parfyte 4873		And eke abyde thilke day
For her desyre is for delyte		To leaue his abyte / and gon his way
The whiche fortene crease / and eke		And leseth his worshyp and his name
The playe of loue for ofte seke		And dare not come agayne for shame
And thral hem selfe they be so nyce		But al his lyfe he dothe so mourne
Vn to the prynce of eury vyce 4878		Bycause he dare nat home retourne 4918
For of eche synne it is the rote		Fredom of kynde so loste hath he
Vnleful luste / though it be sote		That neuer may recured be
And of al yuel the racyne		But that if god him graunte grace
As Tullyus canne determyne		That he may / er he hence pace 4922
Whiche in his tyme was ful sage		Conteyne vnder obedyence
In a booke he made of age		Through the vertue of pacience
Where that more he prayseth elde 4885		For youthe set man in al folye
Though he be croked and vnwelde		In vnthrifte and in rybandrie [so] 4926
And more of commendatioun		In lechery / and in outrage
Than youthe in his discriptioun		So ofte it chaungeth of corage
For youthe sette bothe man and wyfe		Youthe gynneth ofte suche bargayne
In al parel of soule and lyfe		That may not ende without payne
The parel is / but men haue grace		In great parell is set youth hede
And parel of youthe for to pace		Delyte so dothe his bridell lede
Without any dethe or distresse 4893		Delyte this hangeth / drede the nought
It is so ful of wyldnesse		Bothe mans body and his thought 4934
So ofte it dothe shame or damage		Onely through youthes chambere

That to done yuell is customere
 And of naught els taketh hede
 But onely folkes for to lede 4938
 In to disporte and wyldenesse
 So is frowarde from sadnesse
 But elde draweth hem therfro
 Who wote it not / he may wel go
 And mo of hem / that nowe arne olde
 That whylom youthe had in holde
 Whiche yet remembreth of tender age
 Howe it hem brought in many a rage
 And many a foly therin wrought 4947
 But nowe that elde hath him through
 sought

They repent hem of her folye
 That youthe hem put in ieopardye 4950
 In parell and in moche wo
 And made hem ofte amyse to do
 And sewen yuell companye [lf. 154, col. 2]
 Ryot and auoutrye. 4954

BVt elde gan agayne restrayne
 From suche foly / and refrayne
 And set men by her ordynaunce
 In good rule and in gouernaunce
 But yuel she spendeth her seruyse
 For no man wol her loue neyther preyse
 She is hated / this wote I wele 4961
 Her acqueyntaunce wolde no man fele
 Ne han of elde companye
 Men hate to be of her alye
 For no man wolde becomen olde 4965
 Ne dye / whan he is yonge and holde
 And elde meruayleth right greatly
 Whan they remembre hem inwardly
 Of many a perillous emprise
 Whiche that they wrought in sondrie
 wyse 4970

Howe euer they might without blame
 Escape away without shame

In youthe without damage
 Or reпреfе of her lynage 4974
 Losse of membre / shedyng of blood
 Parell of dethe / or losse of good
 Woste thou not where youthe abyт
 That men so preysen in her wyt? 4978
 With Delyte she halte soiour
 For bothe they dwellen in o tour
 As longe as youthe is in season
 They dwellen in one mansyon 4982
 Delyte of youthe wol haue seruyce
 To do what so he wol deuyse
 And youthe is redy euermore
 For to obeye for smerte of soore 4986
 Vnto Delyte / and him to yeue
 Her seruyce / while that she may lyue.

Where elde abytte / I wol the tel
 Shortly / and no while dwel 4990
 For thyder behoueth the to go
 If dethe in youthe the nat slo
 Of this iourney thou mayst nat fayle
 With her labour and trauayle 4994
 Lodged ben with sorowe and wo
 That neuer out of her courte go
 Payne and dystresse / syckenesse /
 and yre
 And melancoly that angry syre 4998
 Bene of her paleys senatours [Fo. C.liiii, bk.]
 Gronyng and grutchyng / her herbegeours
 The daye and nyght her to tourment
 With cruel dethe they her present 5002
 And tellen her erlyche and late
 That dethe stondest armed at her gate
 Than brynge they to her remembrance
 The foly dedes of her enfaunce
 Whiche causen her to mourne in wo
 That youthe hath her begyled so
 Whiche sodainly awaye is hasted 5009
 She weped the tyme that she hath wasted

Complaynyng of the preterytte		That for money wal be bought	
And the present / that nat abyttē		Suche loue I preyse in no wyse	
And of her olde vanyte		Whan it is gouen for couetyse	5050
That but aforne her she maye se	5014	I preyse no woman / though so be woode	
In the future some socoure		That yeueth her selfe for any goode	
To leggen her of her doloure		For lytel shulde a man telle	
To graunt her tyme of repentaunce		Of her / that wel her body selle	5054
For her synnes to do penaunce	5018	Be she mayde / be she wyfe	
And at the laste so her gouerne		That quycke wol selle her by her lyfe	
To wynde the ioye that is eterne		Howe fayre chere that euer she make	
Fro whiche go backwarde youthe he		He is a wretche I vndertake	5058
made		That loued suche one / for swete or	
In vanyte to drowne and wade	5022	soure	
For present tyme abydeyth nought		Though she hym called her paramoure	
It is more swyfte than any thought		And laugheth on him / and maketh him	
So lytel whyle it dothe endure		feest	
That there nys compte ne measure		For certainly no suche beest	5062
But howe that euer the game go		To be loued is nat worthy	
Who lyst to loue ioye and myrthe also		Or beare the name of Drury	
Of loue / be it he or she		None shulde her please / but he were	
Hye or lowe who it be	5030	woode	5065
In fruyte they shulde hem delyte		That wol dispoyle him of his goode	
Her parte they maye nat els quyte		Yet nathelesse I wol nat saye	
To saue hem selfe in honeste		That she for solace and for playe	
And yet ful many one I se	5034	Maye a iewel or other thyngē	
Of women / sothly for to sayne		Take of her loues free yeuyngē	5070
That desyre / and wolde fayne		But that she aske it in no wyse	
The playe of loue / they be so wylde		For drede of shame / or couetyse	
And nat coueyte to go with chylde	5038	And she of hers maye him certayne	
And if with chylde they be perchaunce		Without slaunder yeuen agayne	5074
They wol it holde a great myschaunce		And ioyne her hertes togyder so	
But what so euer wo they fele		In loue / and take and yeue also	
They wol nat playne / but concele	5042	Trowe nat that I wol hem twynne	
But if it be any foole or nyce		Whan in her loue there is no synne	
In whome that shame hath no iustyce		I wol that they togyder go	5079
For to Delyte echone they drawe		And done al that they hanne ado	
That haunte this worke bothe hye and		As curteys shulde and debonayre	
lawe	5046	And in her loue beren hem fayre	
Saue suche that arne worthe right		Without vyce / bothe he and she	
nought	[leaf 154 back, col. 2]	So that alwaye in honeste	

Fro folly loue to kepe hem clere
 That brenneth hertes with his fere 5086
 And that her loue in any wyse
 Be deuoyde of couetyse
 Good loue shulde engendred be
 Of trewe hert / iuste / and seere 5090
 And nat of suche as sette her thought
 To haue her luste / and els nought
 So are they caught in loues lace
 Trewly for bodily solace 5094
 Flesshely delyte is so present [Fo. C. l. v.]
 With the / that set al thyn entent
 Without more / what shulde I glose
 For to get and haue the Rose 5098
 Whiche maketh the so mate and wood
 That thou desyrest none other good
 But thou arte not an ynche the nerre
 But euer abydest in sorowe and werre
 As in thy face it is sene 5103
 It maketh the bothe pale and lene
 Thy might / thy vertue gothe away
 A sory gest in good fay
 Thou herborest in thyn inne
 The god of Loue when thou let inne
 Wherefore I rede thou shette him oute
 Or he shal greue the out of doute
 For to thy profyte it wol turne 5111
 If he no more with the soiourne
 In great mischefe and sorowe sonken
 Ben hertes / that of loue arne dronken
 As thou peraenture knowen shall 5115
 Whan thou hast lost the tyme all
 And spent by thought in ydelnesse
 In waste / and woful lustynesse 5118
 If thou mayst lyue the tyme to se
 Of loue for to delyuered be
 Thy tyme thou shalte bewepe sore
 The whiche neuer thou mayst restore
 For tyme loste / as men may se 5123
 For nothyng may recouered be

And if thou scape / yet at laste
 Fro loue that hath the so faste 5126
 Knytte and bounden in his lace
 Certayne I holde it but a grace
 For many one as it is seyne
 Haue loste / and spent also in veyne
 In his seruyce without socour 5131
 Body and soule / good / and treasure
 Wytte / and strength / and eke rychesse
 Of whiche they had neuer redresse. 5134
 ¶ Lamant.

THus taught & preched hath Reason
 But Loue spylte her sermon
 That was so imped in my thought
 That her doctryne I set at nought 5138
 And yet ne sayd she neuer a dele
 That I ne vnderstode it wele
 Worde by worde the mater all
 But vnto Loue I was so thrall [Fo. C. l. v.
 col. 2.]
 Whiche calleth ouer al his praye 5143
 He chaseth so my thought aye
 And holdeth myne herte vnder his sele
 As trusty and trewe as any stele 5146
 So that no deuocion
 Ne had I in the sermon
 Of dame Reason / ne of her rede
 I toke no soiour in myn heede 5150
 For al yede out at one ere
 That in that other she dyd lere
 Fully on me she lost her lore 5153
 Her speche me greued wonder sore.

THat vnto her for ire I sayde
 For anger / as I dyd abrayde
 Dame / and is it your wyl algate
 That I not loue / but that I hate 5158
 Al men / as ye me teche
 For if I do after your speche
 Sythe that ye seyne loue is not good
 Than must I nedes say with mode
 If I it leue / in hatred aye 5163

Lyuen / and voyde loue awaye
 From me a synful wretche
 Hated of al that tettehe 5166
 I may not go none other gate
 For eyther muste I loue or hate
 And if I hate men of newe
 More than loue / it wol me rewe 5170
 As by your prechyng semeth me
 For Loue nothyng ne prayseth the
 Ye yeue good counsayle sykerly
 That precheth me al day / that I 5174
 Shulde not loues lore allowe
 He were a foole wolde you not trowe
 In speche also ye han me taught
 Another loue that knowen is naught
 Whiche I haue herde you not repreue
 To loue eche other by your leue
 If ye wolde diffyne it me
 I wolde gladly here to se 5182
 At the leest if I may lere
 Of sondrie loues the manere.

¶ Raison.

Certes frende / a foole arte thou
 Whan that thou nothyng wolte
 allow 5186
 That I for thy profyete saye
 Yet wol I saye the more in faye
 For I am redy at the leest [Fo. C.Iv, back]
 To accomplysshe they request 5190
 But I not where it wol aueyle
 In vayne parauenture I shale traueyle
 Loue there is in sondrye wyse
 And I shal the here deuysse 5194
 For some loue leful is and goode
 I meane nat that whiche maketh the
 woode
 And bryngeth the in many a fyttre
 And rauyssheth fro the al thy wyttre
 It is so marueylous and queynt 5199
 With suche loue be no more aqueynt.

¶ Comment Raison diffinist Aunsete.
Loue of frendshippe also there is
 Whiche maketh no man done amys
 Of wyl knytte betwixte two 5203
 That wol nat breke for wele ne wo
 Whiche longe is lykely to contune
 Whan wyl and goodes ben in commune
 Grounded by goddes ordynance 5207
 Hoole without discordaunce
 With hem holdyng communte
 Of al her good in charyte
 That there be none exceptioun
 Through chaungyng of ententioun
 That eche helpe other at her nede 5213
 And wisely hele bothe worde and dede
 Trewe of meanyng / deuoyde of slouth
 For wytte is nought without trouthe
 So that the tone dare al his thought
 Sayne to his frende / and spare nought
 As to him selfe without dredyng 5219
 To be discouered by wreyng
 For gladdre is that coniunctioun
 Whan there is none suspectioun
 Whome they wolde proue
 That trewe and parfytte weren in loue
 For no man maye be amyable
 But if he be so ferme and stable 5226
 That fortune chaunge him nat ne blynde
 But that his frende al waye him fynde
 Bothe poore and ryche in o state
 For if his frende through any gate 5230
 Wol complayne of his pouerte
 He shulde nat byde so longe / tyl he
 Of his helpyng him requyre
 For good dede done through prayere
 Is solde and bought to dere ywis
 To hert that of great valure is [¶ If. 155, bk.,
 col. 2]
 For herte fulfilled of gentylnesse [¶ 200]
 Canne yuel demeane² his distresse 5238
 And man that worthy is of name

To askenne often hath great shame
 A good manne brenneth in his thought
 For shame whan he asketh ought 5242
 He hath great thought / and dredeth aye
 For his disease whan he shal praye
 His frende / lest that he warned be
 Tyl that he preue his stabilyte 5246
 But whan that he hath founden one
 That trusty is and trewe as stone
 And assayed him at al
 And founde him stedfast as a wal 5250
 And of his frendshippe be certayne
 He shal him shewe / both ioie and payne
 And al that dare thynke or saye
 Without shame / as he wel maye 5254
 For howe shulde he a shamed be
 Of suche one as I tolde the
 For whan he wotte his secree thought
 The thirde shal knowe therof right nought
 For twey in nombre is bette than thre .
 In euery counsaile and secree
 Repreue he dredeth neuer a dele
 Who that besette his wordes wele 5262
 For euery wyse manne out of drede
 Canne kepe his tonge tyl he se nede
 And fooles canne nat holde her tonge
 A fooles belle is soone ronge
 Yet shal a trewe frende do more
 To helpe his felowe of his sore
 And socour him whan he hath nede
 In al that he maye done in dede 5270
 And gladder that he him pleaseth
 Than his felowe that he easeth
 And if he do nat his request
 He shal as moche him molest 5274
 As his felowe / for that he
 Maye nat fulfyl his volunte
 Fully / as he hath requyred
 If bothe the hertes loue hath fyred 5278
 Ioie and wo they shal departe

And take euenly eche his parte
 Halfe his anoye he shal haue aye
 And comferte what that he maye 5282
 And of this blysse parte shal he [Fo. C.Ivi.]
 If loue wol departed be.

ANd whylom of this vnyte
 Spake Tullius in a dyte 5286
 And shulde maken his request
 Vnto his frende / that is honest
 And he goodly shulde it fulfyll
 But it the more were out of skylle 5290
 And otherwyse not graunte therto
 Except only in causes two

If men his frende to dethe wolde driue
 Let him be besy to saue his lyue

Also if men wollen him assaile
 Of his worschyp to make him fayle
 And hyndren him of his renoun
 Let him with ful entencioun 5298

His deuer done in eche degre
 That his frende ne shamed be

In this two case with his might
 Takying no kepe to skylle nor right 5302
 As ferre as loue may him excuse
 This ought no man to refuse

This loue that I haue tolde to the
 Is no thyng contrarye to me
 This wol I that thou folowe wele
 And leaue the tother enery dele
 This loue to vertue al entendeth 5309
 The tother fooles blent and shendeth.

Another loue also there is
 That is contrarye vnto this
 Whiche desyre is so constrayned
 That is but wyl fayned 5314
 Away fro trouthe it dothe so varye
 That to good loue it is contrarye
 For it maymeth in many wyse

Syke hertes with couetyse	5318	Tyl the blacke shadowes fyne	5356
Al in wynnynge and in profyte		For whan rychesse shyneth bright	
Suche loue setteth his delyte		Loue recouereth ayen his lyght	
This loue so hangeth in balaunce		And whan it fayleth / he wol flyt	
That if it lese his hope parchaunce	5322	And as she greueth / so greueth it	
Of lucre / that he is set vpon		Of this loue here what I saye	
It wol fayle / and quenche anon		The ryche men are loued aye	5362
For no man maye be amorous	[^{so}]	And namely tho that sparande bene	
Ne in his lyuyng vertuous	5326	That wol not washe her hertes clene	
But he loue more in moode	[¹ ff. 156, col. 2]	Of the fylthe / nor of the vyce	
Men for hem selfe / than for her goode		Of gredy brennyng auaryce	5366
¹ For loue that profyte dothe abyde		The ryche man ful fonde is ywis	
Is false / and byddeth not in no tyde		That weneth that he loued is	
Loue cometh of dame Fortune	5331	If that his herte it vnderstode	
That lytel whyle wol contune		It is not he / it is his good	5370
For it shal chaungen wonder soone		He may wel weten in his thought	
And take eclyps right as the moone		His good is loued / and he right nought	
Whan he is from vs lette	5335	For if he be a nygarde eke	
Through erthe / that betwixt is sette		Men wol nat set by him a leke	5374
The sonne and her / as it may fall		But haten him / this is the sothe	
Be it in partie / or in all		Lo what profyte his catel dothe	
The shadowe maketh her bemes merke		Of euery man that may him se	[¹ ff. 156, bk. 1]
And her hornes to shewe derke		It getteth him nought but enmyte	5378
That parte / where she hath loste her lyght		But he amende hym selfe of that vyce	
Of Phebus fully / and the syght	5342	And knowe him selfe / he is not wyse	
Tyl whan the shadowe is ouerpaste		Certes he shulde aye frendly be	
She is enlumyned ageyn as faste		To get hym loue also ben fre	5382
Through the brightnesse of the sonne		Or els he is not wyse ne sage	
bemes	5345	No more than is a gote ramage	
That yeueth to her ageyne her lemes		That he not loueth / his dede proueth	
That loue is right of suche nature		Whan he his richesse so wel loueth	
Nowe is fayre / and nowe obscure		That he wol hyde it aye and spare	5387
Nowe bright / nowe clipisy of manere		His poore frendes sene forfare	
And whilom dymme / & whylom clere		To kepen aye his purpose	
As soone as pouerte gynneth take	5351	Tyl for drede his eyen close	
With mantel and weedes blake		And tyl a wicked dethe him take	
Hydeth of loue the light away		Hym had leuer a sondre shake	
That in to nyght it turneth day		And let al his lymmes a sondre ryue	
It may not se richesse shyne		Than leaue his richesse in his lyue	5394
		He thynketh to parte it with no man	

Certayne no loue is in him than	Wenyng with hym they wolde abyde
Howe shulde loue within hym be	In euery parel and mischaunce
Whan in his herte is no pyte	Without chaunge or variaunce 5438
That he trespaseth wel I wate	Bothe of catel and of good
For eche man knoweth his estate	And also for to spende her blood
For wel him ought to be reprovod 5401	And al her membres for to spyll
That loueth nought / ne is not loued	Onely to fulfyll her wyll 5442
But sithe we arne to fortune comen	They maken it hole in many wyse
And hath our sermon of her nomen	And hoten hem her ful seruyse
A wonder wyll I tel the nowe 5405	Howe sore that it do hem smerte
Thou herdest neuer suche one I trowe	Into her very naked sherte 5446
I not where thou me leuen shall	Herte and al so hole they yeue
Though sothfastnesse it be all	For the tyme that they may lyue
As it is written / and is sothe	So that with her flaterye
That vnto men more profyete dothe 5410	They maken fooles glorifye 5450
The frowarde fortune and contraire	Of her wordes spekyng
Than the swote and debonaire	And han chere of a reioysyng
And if the thynke it is doutable	And trowe hem as the Euangyle
It is through argument prouable 5414	And it is al faldhede and gyle
For the debonayre and soft	As they shal afterwarde se
Falseth and begyleth ofte	Whan they arne fall in pouerte
For lyche a mother she can cherishe	And ben of good and catell bare 5457
And mylken as dothe a norice 5418	Than shul they sene who frendes ware
And of her good to him deles	For of an hundred certaynly
And yeueth him parte of her ioweles	Nor of a thousande ful scarsly
With great rychesse and dignite	Ne shal they fynde vnnethes one
And hem she hoteth stabylite	Whan pouerte is comen vpon 5462
In a state that is not stable	For thus Fortune that I of tell
But chaungyng aye and variable	With men whan her lust to dwell
¹ And fedeth him with glorie veyne 5425	Maketh hem to lese her conysaunce
And worldly blysse noncertayne ^[156 bk., col. 2]	And norissheth hem in ignoraunce. 5466
Whan she him setteth on her whele	
Than wene they to be right wele	But frowarde fortune and peruerse
And in so stable state withall	Whan high estates she dothe reuerse
That neuer they wene for to fall 5430	And maketh hem to tomble doune
And whan they sette so hygh be	Of her whele with sodayne tourne
They wene to haue in certeynte	And from her rychesse dothe hem flye
Of hertly frendes to great nombre 5433	And plongeth hem in pouerte [Fo. C.IVH.]
That nothyng might her state encombre	As a stepmother enuyous
They truste hem so on euery syde	And layeth a playstre dolorous 5474

Vnto her hertes wounded egre
 Whiche is not tempred with vynegre
 But with pouerte and indygence
 For to shewe by experience
 That she is Fortune verilye
 In whom no man shulde affye
 Nor in her yeftes haue fyaunce
 She is so ful of varyaunce 5482
 Thus can she maken hye and lowe
 Whan they from rychesse arne throwe
 Fully to knowen without were
 Frende of affecte / and ¹frende of chere
 And whiche in loue weren trewe and
 stable [1 ? srende, Thynne.]
 And whiche also weren variable
 After fortune her goddesse
 In pouerte / either in rychesse 5490
 For al that yeueth here out of drede
 Vnhappe bereueth it in dede
 For in fortune lette not one
 Of frendes / whan fortune is gone 5494
 I meane tho frendes that wol fle
 Anon as entreth pouerte
 And yet they wol not leaue hem so
 But in eche place where they go 5498
 They cal hem wretche / scorne / and
 blame
 And of her mishappe hem diffame
 And namely suche as in rychesse
 Pretendeth moste of stablenesse 5502
 Whan that they sawe him set on lofte
 And weren of him socoured ofte
 And most yholpe in al her nede
 But nowe they take no maner hede
 But seyne in voyce of flaterye
 That nowe appereth her folye
 Ouer al where so they fare
 And synge / go farewel feldefare 5510
 Al suche frendes I beshrewe
 For of trewe there be to fewe
 But sothfaste frendes / what so betyde
 In euery fortune wollen abyde 5514
 They han her hertes in suche noblesse
 That they nyl loue for no rychesse
 Nor for that fortune may hem sende
 They wollen hem socour and defende
 And chaunge for softe ne for sore 5519
¹For who is frende loveth euermore
 Though men drawe swerde his frende to
 slo [1 Fo. C.lvii., col. 2]
 He may not hewe her loue a two
 But in case that I shal say
 For pride and ire lese it he may
 And for reprove by nycete
 And discouryng of priuyte 5526
 With tonge woundyng / as felon
 Through venemous detraction
 Frende in this case wol gon his way
 For nothyng greue him more ne may
 And for nought els wol he fle
 If that he loue in stabylite 5532
 And certayne he is wel begone
 Amonge a thousande that fyndeth one
 For there may be no rychesse
 Ayenst frendshyp of worthynesse
 For it ne may so hygh attayne 5537
 As may the valoure / sothe to sayne
 Of him that loueth trewe and well
 Frendshyp is more than is catell
 For frende in courte aye better is
 Than peny in purse certis 5542
 And fortune mishappyng
 Whan vpon men she is fablyng
 Through misturnyng of her chaunce
 And caste hem out of balaunce 5546
 She maketh through her aduersyte
 Men ful clerely for to se
 Hym that is frende in existence
 From hym that is by apparence
 For in fortune maketh anone

To knowe thy frendes fro thy fone
 By experyence right as it is
 The whiche is more to prayse ywis 5554
 Than in moche rychesse and tresour
 For more depe profyte and valour
 Pouertie / and suche aduersyte
 Before / than dothe prosperyte 5558
 For that one yeueth conysaunce
 And the tother ignoraunce.

And thus in pouerte is in dede
 Trouthe declared fro falsbede 5562
 For faynte frendes it wol declare
 And trewe also / what way they fare
 For whan he was in his rychesse
 These frendes ful of doublenesse 5566
 Offred him in many wyse [Fo. C. lii., back]
 Herte and body / and seruyce
 What wolde he than haue you to haue
 bought
 To knowen openly her thought 5570
 That he nowe hath so clerely sene
 The lasse begyled he shulde haue bene
 And he hadde than parceyued it 5573
 But Richesse nolde nat lette him wytte
 Wel more auantage dothe him than
 Sithe that it maketh him a wyse man
 The great myschefe that he parceyueth
 Than dothe Richesse that him disceyueth
 Richesse riche ne maketh nought 5579
 Him that on tresour sette his thought
 For richesse stonte in suffysaunce
 And nothyng in habundaunce
 For suffysaunce al onely
 Maketh menne to lyue richely. 5584

Than dothe he that is chiche 5588
 And in his berne hath sothe to sayne
 An hundred mauns of whete grayne
 Though he be chapman or marchaunt
 And haue of golde many besaunt 5592
 For in the gettingyng he hath suche wo
 And in the keypyng drede also
 And sette euermore his besynesse
 For to encrease / and nat to lesse 5596
 For to augment and multiplie
 And though on heapes that lye him by
 Yet neuer shal make his rychesse
 Asseth vnto his gredynesse 5600

But the poore that retcheth nought
 Saue of his lyuelode in his thought
 Whiche that he getteth with his traueyle
 He dredeth naught that it shal feyle
 Though he haue lytel wordes goode
 Meate and drynke / and easy foode
 Vpon his traueyle and lyuyng 5607
 And also suffysaunt clothyng
 Or if in sickenesse that he fal
 And lothe meate and drynke withal
 Though he haue nat his meate to bye
 He shal bethynke him hastely 5612
 To putte him out of al daungerr [¹ 157 bk.,
 col. 2]
¹That he of meate hath no mystere
 Or that he maye with lytel eke
 Befunden / whyle that he is seke 5616
 Or that men shul hym berne in haste
 To lyue tyl his syckenesse be paste
 To some Maysondewe besyde 5619
 He caste nought what shal him betyde
 He thynketh nought that euer he shal
 In to any syckenesse fal. 5622

FOr he that hath mytches tweyne
 Ne value in his demayne
 Lyueth more at ease / & more is
 riche

ANd though it fal / as it maye be
 That al be tyme spare shal he
 As mokel as shal to him suffyee
 Whyle he is sycke in any wyse 5626

He dothe for that he wol be
 Content with his pouerte
 Without nede of any manne
 So moche in lytel haue he canne 5630
 He is apayde with his fortune
 And for he nyl be importune
 Vnto no wyght / ne onerous
 Nor of her goodesse coueytous 5634
 Therefore he spareth / it maye wel bene
 His poore estate for to sustene.

OR if hym luste nat for to spare
 But suffreth forthe / as nat ne ware
 At laste it hapneth / as it maye 5639
 Right vnto his laste daye
 And take the worlde as it wolde be
 For euer in herte thynketh he 5642
 The sooner that dethe hym slo
 To paradyse the sooner go
 He shal / there for to lyue in blysse
 Where that he shal no good mysse 5646
 Thyder he hoopeth god shal him sende
 After his wretched lyues ende
 Pythagoras him selfe reheres
 In a booke that the golden verses 5650
 Is cleped / for the nobilyte
 Of the honorable dyte

Than whan thou gost thy body fro
 Free in the heyre thou shalte vp go
 And leauen al humanyte 5655
 And purely lyue in deite
 He is a foole withouten were
 That troweth haue his countrey here
 In erthe is nat our countre 5659

¹That may these clerkes seyne and se
 In Boece of consolation [Fo. C. liii.]
 Where it is makd mention 5662
 Of our countre playne at the eye
 By techyng of phylosophye
 Where leude men myght lere wyt

Who so that wolde translatten it 5666
 If he be suche that can wel lyue
 After his rent / may him yeue
 And not desyreth more to haue
 Than may fro pouerte him saue 5670
 A wyse man sayd / as we may sene
 Is no man wretched / but he it wene
 Be he kyng / knyght / or rybaude
 And many a rybaude is mery and baude
 That swynketh / & bereth bothe day &
 nyght 5675

Many a burthen of great myght
 The whiche dothe him lasse offence
 For he suffreth in pacience 5678
 They laugh and daunce / tryppe and
 syng
 And lay nought vp for her lyuyng
 But in the tauerne al dispendeth 5681
 The wynnynng that god hem sendeth
 Than gothe he fardels for to bere
 With as good chere as he dyd ere
 To swynke and trauayle he not fayneth
 For to robben he disdayneth 5686
 But right anon / after his swynke
 He gothe to tauerne for to drinke
 Al these are ryche in habundaunce
 That can thus haue suffysaunce 5690
 Wel more than can an vsurere
 As god wel knoweth / without were
 For an vsurer / so god me se
 Shal neuer for rychesse ryche be 5694
 But euermore poore and indygent
 Scarce and gredy in his entent.

For sothe it is / whom it displese
 There may no marchaunt lyue at ese
 His herte in suche a where is set
 That it quycke brenneth to get 5700
 Ne neuer shal / though he hath geten
 Though he haue golde in garners yeten

For to be nedý he dredeth sore	5703	And sythen it gothe fro fye to fye	
Wherfore to geten more and more		To truste on hem it is folye	5742
He set his herte and his desyre		For they nyl in no maner gre	
So hote he brenneth in the fyre	5706	Do right nought for charyte	
¹ Of couetyse / that maketh him wood		Eke in the same secte are sette	
To purchase other mennes good. [¹ 158, col. 2]		Al tho that prechen for to gette	5746
He vnderfongeth a great payne		Worshyps / honour / and rychesse	
That vndertaketh to drinke vp Sayne		Her hertes arne in great distresse	
For the more he drinketh aye	5711	That folke lyue not holily	
The more he leaueth / the sothe to saye		But abouen al specially	5750
Thus is thurst of false gettingyng		Suche as prechen veynglorie	
That laste euer in coueyting	5714	And towarde god haue no memorie	
And the anguysshe and distresse		But forthe as ypocrites trace [¹ ll. 158, bk.]	
With the fyre of gredynesse		And to her soules dethe purchase	5754
She fyghteth with him aye / and stryueþ		¹ And outwarde shewyng holynesse	
That his herte a sonder ryueth	5718	Though they be ful of cursednesse	
Suche gredynesse him assayleth		Nat lyche to the apostels twelue	
That whan he moste hath / moste he		They disceyue other and hem selue	
fayleth		Begyled is the gyler than	5759
Physiciens / and aduocates		For preachyng of a cursed man	
Gone right by the same yates	5722	Though to other maye profyte	
They sell her science for wynnynng		Him selfe it aueyleth nat a myte	
And haunte her crafte for great gettingyng		For ofte good predicatioun	5763
Her wynnynng is of suche swetnesse		Cometh of yuel ententioun	
That if a man fall in sicknesse		To him nat vayleth his prechyng	
They are ful glad / for her encrese	5727	Al helpe he other with his teachyng	
For by her wyll / without lese		For where they good ensample take	
Eueryche man shulde be seke		There is he with vaynglorie shake	5768
And though they dye / they set not		But lette vs leuen these prechours	
a leke		And speke of hem that in her tours	
After whan they the golde haue take		Heape vp her golde / and faste shette	
Ful lytel care for hem they make	5732	And sore theron her herte sette	5772
They wolde that fourty were sicke at ones		They neyther loue god ne drede	
Ye two hundred / in flesshe and bones		They kepe more than it is nede	
And yet two thousande / as I gesse		And in her bagges sore it bynde	5775
For to encreesen her rychesse		Out of the sonne / and of the wynde	
They wol not worchen in no wyse		They putte vp more than nede ware	
But for lucre and couetyse	5738	Whan they sene poore folke forfare	
For physicke gynneth first by (phy)		For hungre dye / and for colde quake	
The physycien also sothely		God can wel vengeaunce therof take	

The great nischeues hem assayleth	That sworne hath ful hauteynly
And thus in gadring aye trauayleth	That she the castell nyl not assayle
With moche payne they wynne rychesse	Ne smyte a stroke in this batayle 5822
And drede hem holdeth in distresse	With darte ne mace / speare / ne knyfe
To kepe that they gather faste 5785	For man that speketh / or bereth the lyfe
With sorowe they leaue it at the laste	And blameth your emprise ywis
With sorowe they bothe dye and lyue	And from our hoste departed is 5826
That vnto rychesse her hertes yeue	At leest way / as in this plyte
And in defaute of loue it is	So hath she this man in dispyte
As it sheweth ful wel ywis 5790	For she saythe he ne loued her neuer
For if these gredy / the sothe to sayne	And therfore she wol hate him euer
Loueden / and were loued agayne	For he wol gather no tresore 5831
And good loue reigned ouer alle	He hath her wrathe for euermore
Suche wickednesse ne shulde fall 5794	He agylte her neuer in other caas
But he shulde yeue / that moste good had	Lo here al holy his trespass 5834
To hem that weren in nede bestad	She saythe wel / that this other day
And lyue without false vsure	He asked her leaue to gone the way
For charyte / ful clene and pure 5798	That is cleped to moche yeuyng 5837
If they hem yeue to goodnesse	And spake ful fayre in his prayeng
Defendyng hem from ydelnesse	But whan he prayed her / poore was he
In al this worlde than poore none	Therfore she warned him the entre
We shulde fynde I trowe not one 5802	Ne yet is he not thriuen so 5841
¹ But chaunged is this worlde vnstable	That he hath gotten a peny or two
For loue is ouer al vendable ^[¹ lf. 158, bk., col. 2]	That quyteyly is his owne in holde
We se that no man ioueth nowe	Thus hath Rychesse vs all tolde
But for wynnyng and for prowre 5806	And whan Rychesse vs this recorded
And loue is thralled in seruage	Withouten her we ben accorded. 5846
Whan it is solde for auantage	
Yet women wol her bodyes sell 5809	And we fynde in our accordaunce
Suche soules gothe to the dyuel of hell.	That False Semblant and Abstynauce
	With al the folke of her batayle [Fo. c.lix]
Whan Loue had tolde hent his entent	Shul at the hynder gate assayle 5850
The baronage to counsaile went	That Wicked Tonge hath in kepyng
In many sentences they fyll	With his Normans ful of ianglyng
And dyuersly they sayde her wyll 5814	And with hem Curtesy and Largesse
But after discorde they accorded	That shul shewe her hardynesse 5854
And her acorde to Loue recorded	To the olde wyfe that kepte so harde
Sir sayden they / we ben atone	Fayre Welcomyng within her warde
By euen accorde of euerychone 5818	Than shal Delyte and Wel Helyng
Out take Rychesse al onely	Fonde / Shame adowne to bring 5858

With al her hoost early and late
 They shul assaylen that ylke gate
 Agaynst Drede shal Hardynesse
 Assayle / and also Sykernesse 5862
 With al the folke of her leading
 That neuer wyst what was fleying.

FRaunchise shal fyght and eke Pyte
 With Daungere ful of cruelte
 Thus is your hoost orlayned wele
 Downe shal the Castel euery dele 5868
 If eueryche do his entent
 So that Venus be present
 Your mother ful of vesselage
 That canne ynough of suche vsage 5872
 Withouten her maye no wight spede
 This werke / neither for worde ne dede
 Therefore is good ye for her sende 5875
 For through her maye thisworke amende.

LOrdynge / my mother the goddesse
 That is my lady / and my maistresse
 Nys nat al at my wyllyng? 5879
 Ne dothe nat al my desyringe.
 Yet canne she somtyme done labour
 Whan that her luste in my socour
 As my nede is for to atcheue 5883
 But nowe I thynke her nat to greue
 My mother is she / and of childe hede
 I bothe worshippe her / and eke drede
 For who that dredeth sire ne dame
 Shal it abyne in body or name 5888
 And natheles / yet conne we
 Sende after her if nede be
 And were she nygh she commen wolde
 I trowe that nothyng myght her holde

My mother is of great prowesse
 She hath tane many a forteresse 5894
¹That coste hath many a pounce er this
 There I nas not present ywis [Fo. C.lix, col. 2]

And yet men sayd it was my dede
 But I come neuer in that stede 5898
 Ne me ne lyketh so mote I the
 That suche toures ben take with me
 For why? Me thynketh that in no wyse
 It maye be cleped but marchaundyse.

GO bye a courser blacke or white
 And paye therfore / than arte thou
 quite 5904
 The marchaunt oweth the right nought
 Ne thou him whan thou it bought
 I wol nat sellyng clepe yeuyng 5907
 For sellyng asketh no guerdonyng
 Here lythe no thanke / ne no meryte
 That one gothe from that other al quyte
 But this sellyng is nat semblable 5911

For whan his horse is in the stable
 He maye it selle agayne parde
 And wynnen on it / suche happe maye be
 Al maye the manne nat lese ywis 5915
 For at the leest the skynne is his
 Or els / if it so betyde
 That he wol kepe his horse to ryde
 Yet is he lorde aye of his horse 5919
 But thylke chaffare is welle worse
 There Venus entremeteth ought
 For who so suche chaffare hath bought
 He shal nat worchyn so wysely 5923
 That he ne shal lese al vtterly
 Bothe his money / and his chaffare
 But the seller of the ware
 The prise and profyte haue shal 5927
 Certayne the byer shal lese al
 For he ne canne so dere it bye
 To haue lordshippe / and ful maistry
 Ne haue power to make lettyng 5931
 Neyther for yefte ne for preachyng
 That of his chaffare maugre his
 Another shal haue as moche ywis 5934

If he wol yeue as moche as he
 Of what countrey so that he be
 Or for right nought so happe maye
 If he canne flatter her to her paye 5938
 Bene than suche marchauntes wyse ?
 No / but fooles in euery wyse
 Whan they bye suche thyng wylfully
 There as they lese her good folyly <sup>[leaf 159,
back]</sup>
 But nathelesse / this dare I saye 5943
 My mother is nat wonte to paye
 For she is neither so foole ne nyce
 To entremete her of suche vyce 5946
 But truste wel / he shal paye al
 That repent of his bargayne shal
 Whan pouerte putte him in distresse
 Al were he scholer to Rychesse 5950
 That is for me in great yernyng
 Whan she assenteth to my wyllyng.

BVt my mother saynt Venus
 And by her father Saturnus 5954
 That her engendred by his lyfe
 But nat vpon his wedded wyfe
 Yet wol I more vnto you swere
 To make this thyng the surere 5958
 Nowe by that faithe / and that beaute
 That I owe to al my bretherne free
 Of whiche there nys wight vnder heuyn
 That canue her fathers names neuyn
 So dyuers and so many there be 5963
 That with my mother haue be pryue
 Yet wol I swere for sickernesse
 The Pole of helle to my wytnesse 5966
 Nowe drynke I nat this yere clarre
 If that I lye / or forsworne be
 For of the goddes the vsage is
 That who so him forswereth amys 5970
 Shal that yere drynke no clarre
 Nowe haue I sworne ynough parde
 If I forswere me than am I lorne

But I wol neuer be forsworne 5974
 Sithe Rychesse hath me fayled here
 She shal abyge that trespas ful dere
 Atte leestwaye but her arme 5977
 With swerde / or sparth / or gysarme
 For certes sythe she loueth nat me
 Fro thylke tyme that she maye se
 The castel and the toure to shake
 In sorye tyme she shal a wake 5982
 If I maye grype a ryche manne
 I shal so pulle him / if I canne
 That he shal in a fewe stoundes 5985
 Lese al his markes / and his poundes
 I shal him make his pens out slynge
 But they in his garner sprynge <sup>[1. if. 159. bk.,
col. 2]</sup>
 1 Our maydens shal eke plucke him so
 That him shal neden fethers mo 5990
 And make him selfe his londe to spende
 But he the bette conne him defende.

POore men han made her lorde of me
 Al though they nat so mightye be
 That they maye fede me in delyte 5995
 I wol nat haue hem in dispyte
 No good man hateth hem / as I gesse
 For chynche and feloun is richesse
 That so canne chase hem and dispyse
 And hem defoule in sondrye wyse 6000
 They louen ful bette / so god me spede
 Than dothe the riche chynchy grede
 And bene (in good faythe) more stable
 And trewer / and more seruyable [so]
 And therefore it suffyseth me
 Her good herte / and her beaute 6006
 They han on me sette al her thought
 And therefore I foryet hem nought.
 I wol hem bringe in great noblesse
 I / that I were god of Rychesse 6010
 As I am god of Loue sothely
 Suche routhe vpon her playnt haue I

Therefore I muste his socour be
 That payneth him to seruen me 6014
 For if he deyde for loue of this
 Than semeth in me no loue there is

Sir sayde they / sothe is euerydele
 That ye reherce / and we wote wele
 Thylike othe to holde is resonable 6019
 For it is good and couenable
 That ye on riche men han sworne
 For sir / this wote we wel beforme 6022
 If riche men done you homage
 That is as fooles done outrage
 But ye shul nat forsworne be
 Ne lette therefore to drynke clarre 6026
 Or pyment maked fresshe and newe
 Ladyes shul hem suche pepyr brewe
 If that they fal in to her laas
 That they for wo mowe sayne alas 6030
 Ladyes shullen euer so curteis be
 That they shal quyte your othe al free
 Ne seketh neuer other vicayre 6033
 For they shal speke with hem so fayre
¹That ye shal holde ye payde ful wele
 Though ye you medle neuer a dele ^[Fo. C.lx.]
 Late ladyes worche with her thynges
 They shal hem tel so fele tydinges 6038
 And moue hem eke so many requestes
 By flatery / that not honest is
 And therto yeue hem suche thankynges
 What with kyssyng / and with talkynges
 That certes if they trowed be 6043
 Shal neuer leaue hem londe ne fee
 That it nyll as the moeble fare
 Of whiche they first delyuered are 6046
 Nowe may ye tell vs al your wyll
 And we your hestes shal fulfill.

For he saythe / that ye ben his fo
 He not / if ye wol worche him wo 6052
 Wherefore we praye you al beausire
 That ye forgyue him nowe your ire
 And that he may dwell as your man
 With Abstynence his dere lemman 6056
 This our acorde and our wyll nowe
 Parfey sayd Loue / I graunt it you
 I wol wel holde him for my man 6059
 Nowe let him come / and he forthe ran
 False semblant (*quod* Loue) in this
 wyse
 I take the here to my seruyce 6062
 That thou our frendes helpe alway
 And hyndreth hem neyther nyght ne day
 But do thy myght hem to releue 6065
 And eke our enemyes that thou greue
 Thyne be this might / I graunt it the
 My kyng of harlotes shalte thou be
 We wol that thou haue suche honour
 Certayne thou arte a false traytour 6070
 And eke a thefe / sythe thou were borne
 A thousande tymes thou arte forsworne
 But nathelesse in our heryng
 To put our folke out of doutyng 6074
 I bydde the teche hem / wost thou howe ?
 By some general signe nowe
 In what place thou shalt founden be
 If that men had myster of the 6078
 And howe men shal the best espye
 For the to knowe is great maistrye
 Tel in what place is thyn haunyng
¹Sir I haue ful dyuers wonnyng 6082
 That I kepe not rehersed be ^[1f. 100, col. 2]
 So that ye wolde respyten me
 For if that I tel you the sothe
 I may haue harme and shame bothe
 If that my felowes wysten it 6087
 My tales shulden me be quyt
 For certayne they wolde hate me

BVt False semblant dare not for drede
 Of you sir / medle him of this dede

If euer I knewe her cruelte 6090
 For they wolde ouer al holde hem styll
 Of trouthe / that is agayne her wyll
 Suche tales kepen they not here
 I myght eftsome bye it ful dere 6094
 If I sayd of hem any thyng
 That aught displeaseth to her heryng
 For what worde that hem pricke or
 byteth
 In that worde none of hem delyteth
 Al were it gospel the euangyle 6099
 That wolde reprove hem of her gyle
 For they are cruell and hautayne
 And this thyng wote I wel certayne
 If I speke aught to payre her loos 6103
 Your courte shal not so wel be cloos
 That they ne shal wyte it at last
 Of good men am I nought agast 6106
 For they wol taken on hem nothyng
 Whan that they knowe al my meanyng
 But he that wol it on him take
 He wol him selfe suspeticious make
 That he his lyfe let couertly
 In gyse and in Ipoecrisy 6112
 That me engendred and yaued fostryng
 They made a ful good engendring
 (Quod Loue) for who so sothly tell
 They engendred the dyuel of hell.

 But nedely / howe so euer it be
 (Quod Loue) I wyl and charge the 6118
 To tell anon thy wonnyng places
 Heryng eche wight that in this place is
 And what lyfe that thou lyuest also
 Hyde it no lenger nowe / wherto? 6122
 Thou must discouer al thy wurchyng
 Howe thou seruest / and of what thyng
 Though that thou shuldest for thy sothe
 sawe
 Ben alto beaten and to drawe 6126

And yet arte thou not wont parde
 But nathelesse / though thou beten be
 Thou shalt not be the first that so
 Hath for sothsawe suffred wo. 6130
 [1 Fo. C.lx, back]
 Sir / sythe that it may lyken you
 Though that I shulde be slayne right
 nowe
 I shal done your commaundement
 For therto haue I great talent. 6134

 Withouten wordes mo / right than
 False Semblant his sermon began
 And sayd hem thus in audyence 6137
 Barons / take hede of my sentence
 That wight that lyst to haue knowyng
 Of False semblant / ful of flateryng
 He must in worldly folke him seke
 And certes in the cloysters eke 6142
 I won no where / but in hem twey
 But not lyke euen / sothe to say
 Shortly I wol herberowe me
 There I hope best to hulstred be 6146
 And certainly / sykerest hydyng
 Is vnderneath humblest clothyng
 Relygious folke ben ful couerte
 Seculer folke ben more apperte 6150
 But nathelesse / I wol not blame
 Relygious folke / ne hem diffame
 In what habyte that euer they go
 Relygion humble / and trewe also 6154
 Wol I not blame / ne dispyse
 But I nyl looue it in no wyse
 I meane of false relygious
 That stoute ben / and malycious 6158
 That wollen in an habyte go
 And setten not her herte therto.

Relygious folke ben al pytous 6161
 Thou shalt not sene one dispytous

They louen no pride / ne no stryfe
 But humbly they wol lede her lyfe
 With whiche folke wol I neuer be
 And if I dwell / I fayne me 6166
 I may wel in her habyt go
 But me were leuer my necke a two
 Than lette a purpose that I take
 What couenaunt that euer I make 6170
 I dwell with hem that proude be
 And ful of wyles and subtelte
 That worshyp of this worlde coueyten
 And great nede connen expleyten ^{[160 bk.,}
 And gon and gadren great pytaunces _{col. 2]}
 And purchace hem the acqueyntaunces
 Of men that mighty lyfe may leden
 And fayne hem poore / and hem selfe
 feden 6178
 With good moreels delycious
 And drinken good wyne precyous
 And preche vs pouert and distresse
 And fysshen hem selfe great rychesse
 With wyly nettes / that they caste
 It wol come foule out at the laste 6184
 They ben fro clene religyon went
 They make the worlde an argument
 That hath a foule conclusyon 6187
 I haue a robe of religyon
 Than am I al religious
 This argument is al roignous 6190
 It is not worthe a croked brere
 Habyt ne maketh neyther monke ne frere
 But clene lyfe and deuocion
 Maketh good men of religyon 6194
 Nathelesse / there can none answe
 Howe hygh that euer his heed he shere
 With rasour whetted neuer so kene
 That gyle in braunches cutte thurtene
 That can no wight distyncte it so
 That he dare say a worde therto. 6200
 But what herberowe that euer I take

Or what semblant that euer I make
 I meane but gyle / and folowe that
 For right no more than gybbe our cat
 (That awayteth myce & rattes to kyllen)
 Ne entende I but to begylen 6206
 Ne no wight may / by my clothyng
 Wete with what folke is my dwellyng
 Ne by my wordes yet parde
 So softe and so plesaunt they be 6210
 Beholde the dedes that I do
 But thou be blynde thou oughtest so
 For varye her wordes fro her dede
 They thynke on gyle without drede 6214
 What maner clothyng that they were
 Or what estate that euer they bere
 Lered or leude / lorde or lady 6217
 Knyght / squyer / burgeys / or bayly.

Right thus whyle False semblant
 sermoneth [1 Fo. C.lxi.]
 Efte sones Loue him aresoneth 6220
¹And brake his tale in his speakyng
 As though he had him tolde leasyng
 And sayd : What dyuel is that I here ?
 What folke haste thou vs nempned here ?
 Maye men fynde relygioun
 In worldly habytatioun ? 6226
 Ye sir / it foloweth nat that they
 Shulde lede a wicked lyfe parfey
 Ne nat therefore her soules lese
 That hem to worldly clothes chese 6230
 For certes it were great pyte
 Menne maye in seculer clothes se
 Florisshen hooly relygioun
 Ful many a saynt in felde and towne
 With many a virgyn glorious
 Deuoute / and ful religious 6236
 Han dyed / that commen clothe aye beren
 Yet seyntes neuerthelesse they weren
 I coude reken you many a ten

Ye / welnygh al these holy women 6240
 That menne in churches herry and seke
 Bothe maydens / and these wyues eke
 That baren ful many a fayre chylde here
 Weared alwaye clothes seculere 6244
 And in the same dyden they
 That sayntes weren / and ben alwaye.
 ¶ The .xi. thousande maydens dere
 That beren in heuen her cierges clere
 Of whiche men rede in churche and syng
 Were take in seculer clothyng 6250
 Whan they receyued martyrdome
 And wonnen heuen vnto her home
 Good herte maketh the good thought
 The clothyng yeueth ne reueth nought
 The good thought and the worchyng
 That maketh the relygion flouryng
 There lyeth the good relygioun
 After the right ententioun. 6258

Who so tooke a wethers skynne
 And wrapped a gredy wolfe therinne
 For he shulde go with lambes white
 Wenest thou nat he wolde hem byte?
 Yes: Neuerthelesse / as he were wode
 He wolde hem wirry / and drinke the
 blode 6264

And wel the rather hem disceyue
 For sithe they coude nat perceyue
 His tregette / and his cruelte <sup>[¹ Fo. C.lxi.
col. 2.]</sup>
¹They wolde him folowe al tho he flye.

IF there be wolues of suche hewe
 Amonges these apostles newe 6270
 Thou holy churche thou mayste be
 wayled

Sythe that thy cyte is assayed
 Through knyghtes of thyn owne table
 God wot thy lordshyp is doutable 6274
 If they enforce it to wyn
 That shulde defende it fro within

Who myght defence ayenst hem make
 Without stroke it mote be take 6278
 Of trepet or mangonel
 Without displayeng of pensel
 And if god nyl done it socour
 But let renne in this colour 6282
 Thou must thy heestes letten be
 Than is there nought / but yelde the
 Or yeue hem trybute doutles
 And holde it of hem to haue pees 6286
 But greater harme betyde the
 That they al maister of it be
 Wel conne they scorne the withall
 By day stuffen they the wall 6290
 And al the nyght they mynen there
 Nay / thou planten muste els where
 Thyn ympes / if thou wolt fruite haue
 Abyde not there thy selfe to saue. 6294

BVt nowe peace / here I turne agayne
 I wol no more of this thyng fayne
 If I may passen me hereby
 I might maken you very 6298
 But I wol heten you alway
 To helpe your frendes what I may
 So they wollen my company
 For they be shent al vtterly 6302
 But if so fall / that I be
 Ofte with hem / and they with me
 And eke my lemman mote they serue
 Or they shul not my loue deserue 6306
 Forsothe I am a fals traytour
 God iuged me for a thefe trechour
 Forsworne I am / but wel nygh none
 Wote of my gyle / tyl it be done. 6310

Through me hath many one deth
 receyued
 That my tregat neuer aperceyued
 And yet receyue / and shal receyue

1That my falsnesse shal neuer aperceyue | Sekynge al relygiouns
 But who so dothe / if he wyse be <sup>[1 If. 161,
back]</sup> | But to what order that I am sworne
 Him is ryght good be ware of me | I take the strawe and beate the corne
 But so slyghe is the aperceyunge | To iolye folke I enhabyte 6355
 That al to late cometh knowynge 6318 | I aske no more but her habite
 For Protheus that coude him change | What wol ye more in euery wyse
 In euery shappe / homely and straunge | Ryght as me lyste I me disgyse?
 Coude neuer suche gyle ne treasoure | Wel canne I beare me vnder wede
 As I / for I come neuer in towne | Vnlyke is my worde to my dede 6360
 There as I myght knowen be 6323 | Thus make I in to my trappes fal
 Though men me bothe myght here and se | 1The people / through my priuileges al
 Ful wel I canne my clothes change | That bene in christdome a lyue <sup>[1 161 bk.,
col. 2]</sup>
 Take one / and make another straunge | I maye assoyle / and I maye shryue
 Nowe am I knyght / nowe chastelayne | That no prelate maye lette me 6365
 Nowe prelate / and nowe chapelayne | Al folke / where euer they founde be
 Nowe preest / nowe clerke / and nowe | I not no prelate may done so
 fostere 6329 | But it the Pope be / and no mo
 Nowe am I maister / nowe scholere | That made thilke establisshyng 6369
 Nowe monke / nowe chanon / nowe bayly | Nowe is not this a propre thyng?
 What euer myster manne am I | But were my sleights aperceyued¹
 Nowe am I prince / nowe am I page | As I was wonte / and woste thow whye?
 And canne by herte euery langage 6334 | For I dyd hem a tregetry 6374
 Somtyme am I hoore and olde | But therof yeue I a lytel tale
 Nowe am I yonge / stoute / and bolde | I haue the syluer and the male
 Nowe am I Robert / nowe Robyn | Lo haue I preched and eke shrinen
 Nowe Frere mynor / nowe Iacobyn | Lo haue I take / so haue I yeuen 6378
 And with me foloweth my loteby 6339 | Through her foly / husbonde and wyfe
 To done me solace and company | That I lede right a ioly lyfe
 That hight dame Abstynence / and | Through symplnesse of the prelacye
 raigned | They knowe not al my tregettrye. 6382
 In many a queynt arraye fayned 6342 | ^[1 line 6374 'Ne shulde I more ben receyved' is left out.]
 Ryght as it cometh to her lykyng | **B**Vt for as moche as man and wyfe
 I fulfyl al her desyringe | Shulde shewe her *parisshe* preest
 Somtyme a womans clothe take I | her lyfe
 Nowe am I mayde / nowe lady 6346 | Ones a yere / as saythe the boke
 Somtyme I am relygius | Er any wight his housel toke 6386
 Nowe lyke an anker in an hous | Than haue I priuileges large
 Somtyme am I prioresse | That may of moche thyng discharge
 And nowe a nonne / and nowe abbesse | For he may say right thus parde
 And go through al regiouns 6351 | Sir preest / in shrifte I tel it the 6390

That he to whom that I am shriuen	But done al cruell vengience	6430
Hath me assoyled / and me yeuen	He wolde his myght done at the leest	
Penaunce sothlye for my syn	Nothyng spare for goddes heest	
Whiche that I fonde me gilty in	And god so wyse be my socour	
6394 Ne I ne haue neuer entencion	But thou yeue me my sauour	6434
To make double confession	At Eester / whan it lyketh me	
Ne reherce efte my shrift to the	Without preasyng more on the	
O shrift is right ynough to me	6398 I wol forthe / and to him gone	
This ought the suffyse wele	And he shal housell me anon	6438
Ne be not rebell neuer a dele	For I am out of thy grutchyng	
For certes / though thou haddest it	I kepe not deale with the nothyng	
sworne	Thus may he shriue him / that for-	
I wote no preest ne prelate borne	saketh	6441
6402 That may to shrift efte me constrayne	His parysshe preest / and to me taketh	
And if they done I wol me playne	And if the preest wol him refuse	
For I wote where to playne wele	I am ful redy him to accuse	
Thou shalt not streyne me a dele	6406 And him punisshe and hamper so	
6406 Ne enforce me / ne not me trouble	That he his churche shal for go.	6446
To make my confessyon double		
Ne I haue none affection	But who so hath in his felyng	
6409 To haue double absolution	The consequence of suche shriuyng	
[Fo. C.lxii.]	Shal sene / that preest may neuer haue	
The first is right ynough to me	might	
The latter assoyling quyte I the	To knowe the conscience a right.	6450
I am vnbounde / what mayst thou fynde	Of him / that is vnder his cure	
6414 More of my synnes me to vnbynde	And this is ayenst holy scripture	
For he that might hath in his honde	That byddeth euery heerd honest	
Of al my synnes me vnbonde	Haue very knowyng of his beest	6454
And if thou wolte me thus constrayne	But poore folke that gon by strete	
That me mote nedes on the playne	6418 There shal no iuge imperyall	
6418 There shal no iuge imperyall	Ne bysshop / ne officiaall	
Ne bysshop / ne officiaall	Done iugement on me / for I	
Done iugement on me / for I	Shal gone and playne me openly	6422
Shal gone and playne me openly	6422 Vnto my shriftfather newe	
Vnto my shriftfather newe	That hyght Frere wolfe vntrewe	
That hyght Frere wolfe vntrewe	And he shal chuse him for me	
And he shal chuse him for me	For I trowe he can hamper the	6426
For I trowe he can hamper the	6426 But lorde he wolde be wrothe withall	
But lorde he wolde be wrothe withall	I yeue not of her harme a bene	
If men him wolde Frere wolfe call	And if that prelates grutche it	[² so]
For ne wolde haue no pacience	That oughten woth ¹ be in her wyt	6466

To lese her fatte beestes so
 I shal yeue hem a stroke or two
 That they shal lesen with force 6469
 Ye / bothe her mytre and her croce
 Thus iape I hem / and haue do longe
 My priuileges ben so stronge.

False Semblant wolde haue stynted
 here 6473

But Loue ne made him no suche chere
 That he was very of his sawe
 But for to make him glad and fawe
 He said / Tel on more specially
 Howe that thou seruest vntreuly 6478
 Tel forthe / and shame the neuer a
 dele

For as thyn habyt sheweth wele
 Thou seruest an holy Heremyte 6481
 Sothe is / but I am but an ypocryte
 Thou gost and prechest pouerte?
 ye sir / but rychesse hathe poste
 Thou prechest abstynence also?
 Sir / I wol fylle so mote I go 6486
 My paunche / of good meate and
 wyne

As shulde a maister of diuyne
 For huwe¹ that I me poore fayne [1 20]
 Yet al poore folke I disdayne. 6490

I Loue better the acqueyntaunce
 Ten tymes of the kyng of Fraunce
 Than of a poore man of mylde mode
 Though that his soule be also good 6494

For whan I se beggers quakyng
 Naked on myxins al stynkyng
 For hongre crye / and eke for care
 I entremet not of her fare 6498
 They ben so poore / and ful of pyne
 They might not ones yeue me a dyne
 For they haue nothyng but her lyfe

What shulde he yeue that lyketh his
 knyfe? 6502

It is but folly to entremete [Fo. C.lxii., back]
 To seke in houndes nest fatte mete
 Lette beare hem to the spyttle anone
 But for me / comforte gette they none
 But a riche sicke vsurere 6507

Wolde I visyte and drawe nere
 Him wol I comforte and rehet
 For I hoope of his golde to gete
 And if that wicked dethe him haue

I wol go with him to his graue 6512
 And if there any reproue me

Why that I lette the poore be
 Wost thou howe I not ascape
 I saye and swere him ful rape 6516

That riche menne han more tetches
 Of synne / than han poore wretches
 And hanne of counsayle more myster
 And therfore I wolde drawe hem ner
 But as great hurte / it maye so be 6521

Hath a soule in right great pouerte
 As soule in great richesse forsothe
 Al be it that they hurten bothe
 For richesse and mendicitees 6525

Bene cleped two extremytees
 The meane is cleped Suffysaunce
 There lyeth of vertue the aboundaunce
 For Salomon ful wel I wote

In his Parables vs wrote 6530

As it is knowe of many a wight
 In his thrittene chapiter right
 In his thrittene chapiter right
 God thou me kepe for thy poste
 Fro richesse and mendycite 6534

For if a riche manne him dresse
 To thynke to moche on richesse
 His herte on that so ferre is sette
 That he his creatour dothe foryette 6538

And him that beggeth wol aye greue
 Howe shulde I by his worde him leue

Vnneth that he nys a mycher
 Forsworne / or els goddes lyer 6542
 Thus saithe Salomon sawes

Ne we fynde written in no lawes
 And namely in our christen laye 6545

Who so saithe ye / I dare say naye
 That Christ / ne his apostels dere
 While that they walked in erthe here
 Were neuer seen herbred beggyng 6549
 For they nolden beggen for nothyng

And right thus were men wont to
 teche [f. 162, back, col. 2]

And in this wyse wolde it preche
 The msisters of dyuinyte [so]
 Somtyme in Parys the cyte. 6554

ANd if men wolde there gayne appose
 The naked texte and letté the glose
 It myght soone assoyled be
 For menne maye wel the sothe se 6558
 That pardie they myght aske a thyng
 Plainly forthe without beggyng
 For they weren goddes heerdes dere
 And cure of soules hadden here 6562
 They nolde nothyng begge her foode
 For after Christ was done on rodde
 With their proper hondes they wrought
 And with traueyle / and els nought
 They wonnen al her sustenance 6567
 And lyuedon forthe in her penaunce
 And the remenaunt yaf awaye
 To other poore folkes alwaye 6570

They neither bylden towre ne halle
 But they in houses smal with alle

A mighty man that canne and maye
 Shulde with his honde and body alwaye
 Wynne him his foode in laboring 6575
 If he ne haue rent or suche a thyng
 Al though he be religious
 And god to seruen curyous

Thus mote he done / or do trespas
 But if it be in certayne caas 6580
 That I can reherce / if myster be
 Right wel / whan the tyme I se.

Seke the boke of saynt Austyne
 Be it in paper or perchmyne 6584
 There as he writte of these worchynges
 Thou shalt sene that none excusynges

A parfyte man ne shulde seke
 By wordes / ne by dedes eke
 Al though he be religyous 6589

And god to seruen curyous
 That he ne shal / so mote I go
 With propre hondes / and body also
 Get his fode in laboring

If he ne haue proprete of thyng 6594
 Yet shulde he sell al his substaunce

And with his swynke haue sustenance
 If he be parfyte in bounte [Fo. C.lxiii.]
 Thus han the bookes tolde me 6598

For he that wol gone ydelly
 And vseth it aye besyly
 To haunten other mennes table
 He is a trechour ful of fable 6602

Ne he ne may by good reason
 Excuse him by his orison
 For men behoueth in some gyse
 Ben somtyme in goddes seruyse 6606

To gone and purchasen her nede
 Men mote eaten / that is no drede
 And slepe / and eke do other thyng
 So longe may they leaue prayeng 6610

So may they eke her prayer blynne
 Whyle that they werke her meate to
 wynne

Seynt Austyn wol therto accorde
 In thilke boke that I recorde 6614

Iustinian eke / that made lawes
 Hath thus forboden by olde sawes.

No man / vp payne to be deed 6617
 Mighty of body / to begge his breed
 If he may swynke it for to gete
 Men shulde him rather mayme or bete
 Or done of him aperte iustyce
 Than suffren him in suche malyce 6622
 They done not wel so mote I go
 That taken suche almesse so
 But if they haue *somme* privilege
 That of the payne hem wol alege 6626
 But howe that is / can I not se
 But if the prince disceyued be
 Ne I ne wene not sykerly
 That they may haue it rightfully 6630
 But I wol not determyne
 Of princes power / ne defyne
 Ne by my worde comprehende iwys
 If it so ferre may stretche in this 6634
 I wol not entremete a dele
 But I trowe that the boke saythe wele
 Who that taketh almesses / that be
 Dewe to folke that men may se 6638
 Lame / feble / wery / and bare
 Poore / or in suche maner care
 That conne wynde hem neuer mo
 For they haue no power therto 6642
 He eateth his owne dampnyng [¹ 163, col. 2]
¹But if he lye / that made al thyng
 And if ye suche a trauant fynde
 Chastyse him wel / if ye be kynde 6646
 But they wolde hate you parcaas
 If ye fylle in her laas
 They wolde eftsones do you scathe
 If that they might / late or rathe 6650
 For they be not ful pacient
 That han the worlde thus foule blent
 And weteth wel / that god bad
 The good man sell al that he had 6654
 And folowe him / and to poore it yene
 He wolde not therefore that he lyue

To seruen him in mendience
 For it was neuer his sentence 6658
 But he bad werken / whan that nede is
 And folowe him in good dedes
 Saynt Poule / that loued al holy
 churche
 He bade the apostels for to wurchen
 And wynnyn her lyuelode in that wyse
 And hem defended truandyse 6664
 And sayd / werketh with your honden
 Thus shulde the thyng be vnderstonden
 He nolde iwys haue byd hem beggyng
 Ne sellen gospel / ne prechyng 6668
 Lest they berafte / with her askyng
 Folke of her catel or of her thyng
 For in this worlde is many a man
 That yeueth his good / for he ne can
 Werne it for shame / or els he 6673
 Wolde of the asker delyuered be
 And for he him encombred so
 He yeueth him good to late him go
 But it can him no thyng profyete 6677
 They lese the yefte and the meryte
 The good folke that Poule to preched
 Profred him ofte / whan he hem teched
 Some of her good in charyte 6681
 But therefore right nothyng toke he
 But of his hondewerke wolde he gete
 Clothes to wryne him / and his mete.

TELL me than howe a man may lyuen
 That al his good to poore hath yuen
 And wol but onely bydde his bedes
 And neuer with hondes labour his nedes
 Maye he do so? Ye sir: And howe?
 Sir / I wol gladly tell you 6690
¹Seynt Austen saythe / a man may be
 In houses that han properte [¹ 1f. 163, bk. J]
 As templers / and hospytelers
 And as these chanons regulers 6694

Or whyte monkes / or these blake
 I wol no mo ensamples make
 And take therof his susteynyng
 For therin lythe no beggyng 6698
 But otherwayes not ywis
 Yet Austyne gabbeth not of this
 And yet ful many a monke labourereth
 That god in holy churche honoureth
 For whan her swynkyng is agon 6703
 They rede and synge in churche anon.

And for there hath ben great discorde
 As many a wight may beare recorde
 Vpon the estate of mendiciencie 6707
 I wol shortly in your presence
 Tel howe a man may begge at nede
 That hath not wherwith him to fede
 Maugre his felowes iangelynges 6711
 For sothfastnesse wol none hydynges
 And yet parcase I may abey
 That I to you sothly thus sey. 6714

LO here the case especial
 If a man be so bestyal
 That he of no crafte hath science
 And nought desyreth ignorance 6718
 Than may he go a beggyng yerne
 Tyl he some maner crafte can lerne
 Through whiche without truandyng
 He may in trouthe haue his luyng
 Or if he may done no labour 6723
 For elde / or sicknesse / or langour
 Or for his tendre age also
 Than may he yet a beggyng go 6726
 Or if he haue perauenture
 Through vsage of his noriture
 Lyued ouer delyciously
 Than oughten good folke comenly 6730
 Han of his mischefe some pyte
 And suffren him also / that he

May gon aboute and begge his breed
 That he be not for hongre deed 6734
 Or if he haue of crafte connyng
 And strength also / and desyryng
 To worchen / as he had what [163 bk., col. 2]
 But he fynde neyther this ne that 6738
 Than may he begge tyl that he
 Haue gotten his necessitye
 Or if his wynnyng be so lyte
 That his labour wol not acyuite 6742
 Suffyciantly al his luyng
 Yet may he go his breed beggyng
 Fro doore to doore / he may go trace
 Tyl he the remenant may purchase 6746
 Or if a man wolde vndertake
 Any emprise for to make
 In the rescous of our lay
 And it defenden / as he may 6750
 Be it with armes / or lettrure
 Or other couenable cure
 If it be so he poore be
 Than may he begge / tyll that he 6754
 May fynde in trouthe for to swynke
 And get him clothe / meate / and drinke
 Swynke he with his hondes corporell
 And not with hondes espyrituell. 6758
IN al this case / and in semblables
 If that there ben mo resonables
 He may begge / as I tell you here
 And els not / in no manere 6762
 As Willyam Seynt Amour wolde preche
 And ofte wolde dispute and teche
 Of this mater al openly
 At Parys ful solemply 6766
 And also go'l my soule blesse
 As he had in this stedfastnesse
 The accorde of the vninersite
 And of the people / as semeth me. 6770
 No good man ought it to refuse

Ne ought him therof to excuse
 Be wrothe or blythe / who so be
 For I wol speke / and tell it the 6774
 Al shulde I dye / and be put down
 As was seynt Poule in derke prisoun
 Or be exiled in this caas
 With wronge / as mayster William was
 That my mother Hypocrise 6779
 Banysshed for her great enuye.

My mother flemed him Seynt Amour
 This noble dyd suche labour 6782
 To susteyne euer the loyalte [Fo. C.lxiii.]
 That he to moche agylte me
 He made a boke / and let it write
 Wherin his lyfe he dyd al write 6786
 And wolde yche renyed beggyng
 And lyued by my traueylyng
 If I ne had rent ne other good 6789
 What weneth he that I were wood?
 For labour might me neuer plesse
 I haue more wyl to ben at ese
 And haue wel leuer / sothe to say
 Before the people pattre and pray 6794
 And wrie me in my foxerie
 Vnder a cope of papelardie.

(Quod Loue) what dyuel is this that I
 here

What wordes tellest thou me here 6798
 What sir Falsnesse that apert is
 Than dredest thou not god? No certis
 For selde in great thyng shal he spede
 In this worlde / that god wol drede
 For folke that hem to vertue yeuen
 And truely on her owne lyuen 6804
 And hem in goodnesse aye contene
 On hem is lytel thrifte ysene
 Suche folke drinken great misese
 That lyfe may me neuer plesse 6808

But se what golde han vsurers
 And syluer eke in garners
 Taylagiers / and these monyours
 Bayliffes / bedels / prouost / countours
 These lyuen wel nygh by rauyne 6813
 The smale people hem mote enelyne
 And they as wolues wol hem eten
 Vpon the poore folke they geten
 Ful moche of that they spende or kepe
 Nys none of hem that he nyl strepe 6818
 And wrine hem selfe wel at full
 Without scaldyng / they hem pull
 The stronge the feble ouergothe
 But I that weare my symple clothe 6822
 Robbe bothe robbying and robbours
 And gyle gyling / and gylours
 By my tregret / I gather and threst
 The great tresour in to my cheste 6826
 That lyeth with me so faste bounde
 Myn hygh paleys do I founde
 And my delytes I fulfyll 6829
¹With wyne at feestes / at my wyll
 And tables ful of entremees [¹ ff. 164, col. 2.]
 I wol no lyfe / but ease and pees
 And wyne golde to spende also
 For whan the great bagge is go 6834
 It cometh right with my iapes
 Make I not wel tomble myn apes
 To wynnen is alway myn entent
 My purchace is better than my rent
 For though I shulde beten be 6839
 Ouer al I entremet me
 Without me may no wight dure
 I walke soules for to cure 6842
 Of al the worlde eure haue I
 In brede and length boldly
 I wol bothe preche / and eke coun
 saylen
 With hondes wyl I not trauaylen 6846
 For of the Pope I haue the bull

- I ne holde not my wyttes dull
 I wol not stynten in my lyue
 These Emperours for to shriue 6850
 Of kynges / dukes / and lordes grete
 But poore folke al quyte I lete
 I loue no suche shriuyng parde
 But it for other cause be 6854
 I recke not of poore men
 Her astate is not worthe an hen
 Where fyndest thou a swynker of
 labour
 Haue me vnto his confessour? 6858
 But Empresses / and duchesses
 These quenes / and eke countesses
 These abbesses / and eke bygyns
 These great ladyes palasyns 6862
 These iolye knyghtes / and baylines
 These nonnes / and these burgeys wyues
 That ryche ben / and eke plesyng
 And these maydens welfaryng 6866
 Where so they clad or naked be
 Vncounsayed gothe there none fro me
 And for her soules saute
 At lorde and lady / and her meyne 6870
 I aske / whan they hem to me shriue
 The proprete of al her lyue
 And make hem trowe / bothe moste
 and leest
 Her parysshe preest nys but a beest 6874
 Ayens me and my company
 That shrewes ben / as great (as I)
 For whiche I wol not hyde in holde
 No pruyte that me is tolde [Fo. c.lxiij, bk.]
 That I by worde or signe ywis 6879
 Ne wol make hem knowe what it is
 And they wollen also tellen me
 They hele fro me no pruyte 6882
 And for to make you hem parceyuen
 That vsen folke thus to disceyuen
 I wol you sayne withouten drede
- What menne maye in the Gospel rede
 Of saynt Mathue the gospelere 6887
 That saythe / as I shal you saye here.
- V**Pon the chayre of Moyses
 Thus it is glosed doutlees 6890
 (That is the olde Testament
 For therby is the chayre ment)
 Sytte Scribes and Pharysen
 That is to sayne / the cursed men 6894
 Whiche that we hypocrites call
 Dothe that they preche I rede you all
 But dothe nat as they done a dele
 That bene nat wery to saye wele 6898
 But to do wel / no wyl haue they
 And they wolde bynde on folke alwaye
 That bene to begyled able [so]
 Burdons that ben importable 6902
 On folkes shulders thynges they couchen
 That they nyl with her fyngers touchen
 And why wol they nat touche it why?
 For hem ne lyste nat sykerly 6906
 For sadde burdons that men taken
 Make folkes shulders aken
 And if they do ought that good be
 That is for folke it shulde se 6910
 Her burdons larger maken they
 And make her hemmes wyde alwaye
 And louen seates at the table
 The fyrste / and most honorable 6914
 And for to hanne the firste chayris
 In synagogges / to hem ful dere is
 And wyllen that folke hem loute and
 grete 6917
 Whan that they passen through the
 strete
 And wollen be cleped maister also
 But they ne shulde nat wyllen so
 The gospel is there agaynst I gesse
 That sheweth wel her wickednesse. 6922

A Nother custome vse we
 Of hem that wol ayenst vs be
 We hate him deedly euerychone ^{[164 bk.,}
 And we wol werrey him / as one ^{col. 2]} 6926
 Him that one hateth / hate we al
 And coniecte / howe to done him fal
 And if we sene him wyne honour
 Rychesse or preyse / through his valour
 Prouende / rente / or dignyte 6931
 Ful faste ywis compassen we
 By what ladder he is clomben so
 And for to maken him downe to go
 With trayson we wol hym defame 6935
 And done him lese his good name

Thus from his ladder we him take
 And thus his frendes foes we make 6938
 But worde ne wete shal he noon
 Tyl al his frendes bene his foon
 For if we dyd it openly
 We myght haue blame redily 6942
 For hadde he wyste of our malyce
 He hadde him kepte / but he were nyce.

Another is this / that if so fall 6945
 That there be one amonge vs all
 That dothe a good tourne / out of drede
 We sayne it is our alder dede
 Ye sykerly / though he it fayned 6949
 Or that him lyste / or that him dayned
 A manne through him auanced be
 Therof al parceners be we
 And tellen folke / where so we go 6953
 That manne through vs is sprongen so

And for to haue of menne preysyng
 We purchase through our flatteryng
 Of riche menne of great poste
 Letters / to wytnesse our bounte 6958
 So that manne weneth that maye vs se
 That al vertue in vs be

And alwaye poore we vs fayne 6961

But howe so that we begge or playne
 We bene the folke without leasyng
 That al thyng haue without hauyng
 Thus be we dradde of the people ywis
 And gladly my purpose is this. 6966
 ¶ I deale with no wight / but he
 Haue golde and treasour great plente
 Her acqueyntaunce wel loue I
 This is moche my desyre shortly 6970
 I entremete me of brocages
 I make peace / and mariages [Fo. C.lxv.]
 I am gladly executour
 And many tymes a procuratour 6974
 I am sointyme messagere
 That falleth nat to my mystere

And many tymes I make enqueste
 For me that offyce is nat honest 6978
 To deale with other mennes thyng
 That is to me a great lykynge
 And if that ye haue ought to do
 In place that I repeyre to 6982
 I shal it speden through my wyt
 As soone as ye haue tolde me it
 So that ye serue me to paye
 My seruyce shal be yours alwaye 6986

But who so wol chastyce me
 Anone my loue loste hath he
 For I loue no manne in no gyse
 That wol me repreue / or chastice 6990
 But I wolde al folke vndertake
 And of no wight no teachynge take
 For I that other folke chastye
 Wol not be taught fro my folye. 6994

I Loue none Hermytage more
 Al desertes / and holtes hoore
 And great woodes euerychone
 I lette hem to the Baptyst Iohn 6998
 I queth him quyte and hem relese
 Of Egipte al the wyldernesse

To ferre were al my mansyons
 Fro al cytees and good towns 7002
 My paleys and myne house make I
 There menne maye renne in openly
 And saye that I the worlde forsake
 But al amyddle I bylde / and make 7006
 My house / and swymme and playe
 therinne
 Bette than a fysshe dothe with his fynne.

OF Antechristes menne am I
 Of whiche that Christ sayth
 openly 7010
 They haue habyte of holynesse
 And lyuen in suche wickednesse
 To the cople / if him talent toke
 Of the Euangelystes booke 7014
 There myght he se by great traysoun
 Ful many false comparysoun
 As moche as through his great myght
 Be it of heate or of lyght [Fo. C.lxv, col. 2]
 The sonne surmounteth the moone 7019
 That troubler is / and chaungeth soone
 And the nutte kyrnel the shelle
 I skorne nat that I you telle 7022
 Right so withouten any gyle
 Surmounteth this noble Euangyle
 The worde of any Euangelyst 7025
 And to her tytell they token Christ
 And many suche comparysoun
 Of whiche I make no mencion
 Myght menne in that booke fynde
 Who so coude of hem haue mynde. 7030

The vnyuersyte that tho was a slepe
 Gan for to brayde / and taken kepe
 And at the noyse / the heed vp cast
 Ne neuer sythen slepte it fast 7034
 But vp it sterte / and armes tooke
 Ayenst this false horyble booke

Al redy batayle for to make
 And to the Iuge the booke they take
 But they that broughten the boke
 there 7039
 Hent it anone awaye for fere
 They nolde shewe it no more a dele
 But than it kepte / and kepen wele
 Tyll suche a tyme that they maye se
 That they so stronge woxen be 7044
 That no wight maye hem wel withstonde
 For by that boke they durst nat stonde
 Awaye they gonne it for to bere
 For they ne durste nat answeere
 By exposytion no gloose
 To that that clerkes wol appose 7050
 Ayenst the cursednesse ywis
 That in that booke written is
 Nowe wotte I nat / ne I can nat se
 What maner ende that there shal be
 Of al this that they hyde 7055
 But yet algate they shal abyde
 Tyl that they maye it bette defende
 This trowe I best wol be her ende. 7058

Thus Antechrist abyden we
 For we bene al of his meyne
 And what manne that wol nat be so
 Right soone he shal his lyfe for go 7062
 Outwarde Lamben semen we
 Ful of goodnesse and of pyte [Fo. C.lxv, bk.]
 And inwarde we withouten fable
 Bene grede Wolues rauysable. 7066
 We enuyroun bothe londe and see
 With al the worlde verryyen we
 We wol ordayne of al thyng
 Of folkes good / and her luyng. 7070

If there be castell or cytee
 Wherin that any bougerons be
 Al though that they of Myllayne were

For therof bene they blamed there	7074	Or erthe / or turues though it be	
Or of a wyght out of measure		Though it were of no vounde stone	
Wolde leane her golde / and take vsure		Wrought with squyre and scantilone	
For that he is so coueytous		So that the tour were stuffed well	
Or if he be to Lecherous	7078	With al rychesse temporell	7116
Or these that haunten Simonye		And than that he wolde vp dresse	
Or Prouost ful of trechery		Engyns / bothe more and lesse	
Or Prelate lyueng iolylye		To caste at vs by euery syde	
Or preest that halte his queyn him by		To bere his good name wyde	
Or olde hoores hostylers	7083	Suche sleightes I shal you neuen	
Or other bandes or bordellers		Barels of wyne / by syxe or seuen	7122
Or els blamed of any vyce		Or golde in sakes greate plente	
Of whiche men shulden done iustyce		He shulde soone delyuered be	
By al the sayntes that we prey	7087	And if he haue no suche pytences	
But they defende them with lamprey		Let him study in equipolences	7126
With luce / with elys / with samons		And lette lyes / and fallaces	
With tendre gees / and with Capons		If that he wolde deserue our graces	
With tartes / or with cheffes fatte	7091	Or we shal beare him suche wytnesse	
With deyntie flaunes / brode and flatte		Of synne / and of his wretchydnesse	
With caleweys / or with pullayle		And done his lose so wyde renne	7131
With conynges / or with fyne vitayle		That al quicke we shulde him brenne	
That we vnder our clothes wyde	7095	Or els yeue him suche penaunce	
Maken through our golet glyde		That is wel worse than the pytaunce.	
Or but he wol do come in haste			
Roe venyson bake in paste	7098	For thou shalte neuer for nothyng	
Whether so that he loure or groyne		Con knowen a right by her clothyng	
He shal haue of a corde a loygne		The traitours ful of trecherye	
With whiche men shal him bynde and		But thou her werkes can aspye	7138
lede		And ne had the good keypyng be	
To brenne him for his synful dede	7102	Whylom of the vniuersyte	
That men shul here him crye and rore		That kepeth the key of cristendome	
A myle away aboute and more		We had ben turmented al and some	
Or els he shal in prison dye		Suche ben the stynkyng prophetis	
But if he wol his frendshyp bye	7106	Nys none of hem / that good prophete is	
Or smerten that / that he hath do		For they through wicked entencion	
More than his gylte amounteth to		The yere of the incarnacion	7146
But and he couthe / through his sleight		A thousande / and two hundred yere	
Do maken vp a toure of heyght	7110	Fyue and fyfty / ferther ne nere	
Nought rought I / wheder of stone		Broughten a boke / with sory grace	
or tre		To yeuen ensample in commune place	

That sayd thus / though it were fable		Sythen men vs louen comunably	
This is the Gospel perdurable	7152	And holden vs for so worthy	7190
That fro the Holy goost is sent		That we may folke repreue echone	
Wel were it worthe to ben brent		And we nyll haue reprefe of none	
Entytled was in suche manere		Whom shulden folke worshypen so	
This boke / of whiche I tell here	7156	But vs that stynten neuer mo	7194
There nas no wight in al Parys		To patren / whyle that folke may vs se	
Beforne our Lady at paruus	[Fo. C.lxvi.]	Though it not so behynde hem be.	
That they ne myght the booke by		A Nd where is more woode folye	
The sentence pleased him wel trewly.		Than to enhance chiuallrye	7198
But I wol stynte of this matere		And loue noble men and gay	
For it is wonder longe to here	7162	That ioly clothes weren alway	
But hadde that ylke boke endured		If they be suche folke as they semen	
Of better estate I were ensured		So clene / as men her clothes demen	
And frendes haue I yet parde		And that her wordes folowe her dede	
That han me set in great degre.	7166	It is great pyte out of drede	7204
		For they wol be none hypocritis	[Fo. C.lxvi, col. 2]
O F al this worlde is Emperour		Of hem me thynketh great spyte is	
Gyle my father / the trechour		I canne nat loue hem on no syde	
And Empresse my mother is		But beggers with these hoodes wyde	
Maugre the Holy goste iwys	7170	With sleighe and pale faces leane	
Our mighty lynage / and our route		And graye clothes nat ful cleane	7210
Reigneth in euery reigne aboute		But fretted ful of tatarwagges	
And wel is worthy we mynistres be		And highe shoes knopped with dagges	
For al this worlde gouerne we	7174	That frouncen lyke a quayle pype	
And can the folke so wel disceyue		Or bootes ryuelyng as a gype	7214
That none our gyle can perceyue		To suche folke / as I you deuyse	
And though they done / they dare not say		Shulde princes and these lordes wyse	
The sothe dare no wight bewray	7178	Take al her londes and her thynges	
But he in Christes wrathe him ledeth		Bothe warre and peace in gouernynges	
That more than Christ my bretherne		To suche folke shulde a prince hym yeue	
dredeth		That wolde his lyue in honour lyue.	
He nys no ful good champion			
That dredeth suche simulacion	7182	And if they be nat as they seme	7221
Nor that for payne wol refusen		That seruen thus the worlde to queme	
Vs to correcte and accusen		There wolde I dwelle to disceyue	
He wol not entremete by right		The folke / for they shal not parceyue	
Ne haue god in his eye sight	7186	But I ne speke in no suche wyse	7225
And therefore god shal him punyce		That men shulde humble habytte dispysse	
But me ne recketh of no vyce		So that no pride there vnder be	

No manne shulde hate / as thynketh
me

The poore man in suche clothyng 7229

But god ne preyseth him nothyng

That saith he hath the worlde forsake

And hath to worldly glorie hym take

And wol of suche delycles vse 7233

Who maye that begger wel excuse ?

That papelarde / that him yeldeth so

And wol to worldly ease go 7236

And saith that he the worlde hath
lefte

And gredily it grypeth este

He is the hounde / shame is to sayne

That to his castyng gothe agayne. 7240

BUt vnto you dare I nat lye

But myght I felen or espye

That ye parceyned (*sic*) it nothyng

Ye shulde haue a starke leasyng 7244

Right in your honde thus to begynne

I nolde it lette for no synne

The god loughe at the wonder tho

And euery wyght ganne laughe also 7248

And sayd : Lo here a manne aright

For to be trusty to euery wight.

[¹ leaf 166, back]

False semblant (*quod Loue*) say to me¹

Sythe I thus haue auanced the

That in my courte is thy dwellyng 7253

And of rybaudes shalt be my kyng

Wolt thou wel holden my forwardes ?

Ye sir / from hence forwardes 7256

We wol a people vpon him areyse

And through our gyle / done him
ceise

And him on sharpe speares ryue

Or other wayes bringe him fro lyue 7260

But if that he wol folowe y wis

That in our booke written is.

THus moche wol our booke signifye

That whyle Peter hath maistrye 7264

May neuer Iohan shewe wel his might

Nowe haue I you declared right

The meanyng of the barke and rynde

That maketh the entencions blynde 7268

But nowe at erst I wol begyn

To expowne you the pythe within

And the seculers comprehende

That Christes lawe wol defende 7272

And shulde it kepen and mayntenen

Ayent hem that al sustenen

And falsly to the people techen

That Iohan betoketh hem to prechen

That there nys lawe couenable 7277

But thilke gospel pardurable

That fro the holy goste was sent

To turne folke that ben miswent. 7280

The strength of Iohan they vnder-
stonde

The grace in whiche they say they stonde

That dothe the synful folke conuerte

And hem to Iesu christ reuerte 7284

Ful many an other horriblete

May men in that booke se

That ben cōmaunded doutelesse

Ayent the lawe of Rome expresse 7288

And al with Antechrist they holden

As men may in the boke beholden

And than cōmaunden they to sleen

Al tho that with Peter been 7292

But they shal neuer haue that myght

And god to forne / for stryfe to fyght

That they ne shal ynough fynde

That Peters lawe shal haue in mynde

And euer holde / and so mayntene 7297

That at the laste it shal be sene

That they shal al come therto

For aught that they can speke or do 7300

And thilke lawe shal not stonde	Than armed they hem comenly	7340
That they by Iohan haue vnderstonde	Of suche armour / as to hem fell	
But maugre hem / it shal adoun	Whan they were armed / fiers and fell	
7303	They went hem forthe al in a route	
And ben brought to confusoun	And set the castel al aboute	[Fo. C.lxvii.]
Had neuer your father here beforne	They wyl not away for no drede	
Seruauant so trewe / sythe he was borne	Tyl it so be that they ben dede	7346
That is ayenst al nature	Or tyl they haue the castel take	
7307	And four batels they gan make	
Sir / put you in that auenture	And parted hem in four anon	
For though ye borowes take of me	And toke her way / and forthe they	
The sykerer shal ye neuer be	gone	7350
7310	The foure gates for to assayle	
For hostages / ne sykernesse	Of whiche the keepers wol not fayle	
Or chartres / for to beare wytnesse	For they ben neyther sicke ne dede	
I take your selfe to recorde here	But hardy folke / and stronge in dede.	
That men ne may / in no manere		
7314	Nowe wol I sayne the countenance	
Teren the wolfe out of his hyde	Of False semblant / and Abstynauce	
Tyl he be slayne / backe and syde	That ben to wicked tonge went	7357
Though men him beate and al defyle	But first they helde her parlyment	
What wene ye that I wol begyle?	Whether it to done were	
7318	To maken hem be knowen there	
For I am clothed mekely	Or els walken forthe disgysed	
There vnder is al my trechery	But at the laste they deused	7362
Myn herte chaungeth neuer the mo	That they wolde gone in tapynage	
For none habyt / in whiche I go	As it were in a pilgrymage	
7322	Lyke good and holy folke vnfeyned	
Though I haue chere of symplenesse	And dame Abstynence streyned	7366
I am not wery of shreudnesse	Toke on a robe of Camelyne	
My lemman / strayned Abstenaunce	And gan her gratche as a bygyne	
Hath myster of my purueyaunce	A large couerchiefe of threde	
7326	She wrapped al aboute her hede	
She had ful longe ago be dede	But she forgate not her psaltere	7371
Nere my counsaile and my rede	A payre of beedes eke she bere	
Let her alone / and you and me	Vpon a lace / al of whyte threde	
And Loue answerde / I truste the	On whiche that she her beades bede	
Without borowe / for I wol none	But she ne bought hem neuer a dele	
7331	For they were gyuen her / I wote wel	
And False semblant the thefe anone	God wote of a ful holy frere	7377
Right in that ilke same place		
That had of treson al his face		
7334		
Right blacke within / and whyte without		
Thankyng him / gan on his knees loute.		
Than was there nought / but euery man		
Nowe to assaute / that saylen can		
7338		
(Quod Loue) and that ful hardely		

- That sayd he was her father dere 7378 As he were feble / his way he went
 To whom she had offer went
 Than any frere of his couent
 And he visyted her also
 And many a sermon sayd her to 7382 Whiche that men clepen Coupe gorge
 He nolde let for man on lyue
 That he ne wolde her ofte shrine
 And with so great deuocion
 They made her confession 7386 And sawe folke in the way passyng
 That they had ofte for the nones
 Two heedes in one hoode at ones
 Of fayre shappe / I deuysel her the
 But pale of face somtyme was she 7390 Dame Abstynence first him grette 7430
 That false traytoursse vntrewe ^{[leaf 167.}
 Was lyke that salowe horse of hewe ^{col. 2]}
 That in the Apocalips is shewed
 That signifyeth to folke beshrewed
 That ben al ful of trecherye 7395 Alway in herte / him thought so
 And pale / through hypoerisyse
 For on that horse no colour is
 But onely deed and pale ywis 7398 But he ne knewe not Constreynaunce
 Of suche a colour enlangoured
 Was Abstynence iwys coloured
 Of her estate she her repented
 As her visage represented 7402 ¹He knewe nat that she was constrayned
 She had a burdowne al of thefte
 That Gyle had yeue her of his yefte
 And a skryppe of faynte distresse
 That ful was of elengenesse 7406 Ne of her theues lyfe fayned [1 ff. 167, bk.]
 And forthe she walked sobrelly
 And False semblant saynt / ie vous die
 And as it were for suche mistere
 Done on the cope of a frere 7410 But wende she come of wyl al free
 With chere symple / and ful pytous
 His lokyng was not disdeynous
 Ne proude / but meke and ful pesyble
 Aboute his necke he bare a Byble
 And squierly / forthe gan he gon 7415 But she come in another degree 7442
 And for to rest his lymmes vpon
 He had of treason a potent
 And of the daunce Ioly Robyn 7455

Was tho become a Iacobyn
 But sothely what so menne hym cal
 Frere prechours bene good menne al
 Her order wickedly they beren 7459
 Suche mynstrelles / if they weren
 So bene Augustyns / and Cordylers
 And Carmes / and eke Sacked freers
 And al freres shodde and bare 7463
 Though some of hem ben great and square
 Ful hooly men / as I hem deme
 Eueryche of hem wolde good man seme
 But shalte thou neuer of apparence
 Sene conclude good consequence
 In none argument ywis 7469
 If existens al fayled is
 For menne maye fynde alwaye sopheme
 The consequence to enueneme
 Who so that hath hadde the subtelte
 The double sentence for to se. 7474

Whan the pylgrymes commen were
 To Wicked Tonge that dwelled there
 Her harneys nygh hem was algate 7477
 By Wicked tonge adowne they sate
 That badde hem nere him for to come
 And of tidynges telle him some
 And sayd hem : What cæse maketh you
 To come in to this placo now? 7482

SIr sayd Strayned Abstynance
 We for to drye our penaunce
 With hertes pytous and deuoute ^{[ff. 167, bk.,}
 Are commen / as pylgrimes gon aboute ^{col. 2]}
 Wel nyght¹ on fote alwaye we go 7487
 Ful doughty ben our heeles two ^[1 so]
 And thus bothe we ben sent
 Throughout this worlde that is miswent
 To ye're ensample / and preche also
 To fysshyn synful menne we go 7492
 For other fysshynge / ne fysshwe

And sir / for that charyte 7494
 As we be wonte / herborowe we craue
 Your lyfe to amende Christ it saue
 And so it shulde you nat displease
 We wolden / if it were your ease 7498
 A shorte sermon vnto you sayne
 And Wicked Tonge answered agayne
 The house (quod he) suche (as ye se)
 Shal nat be warned you for me 7502
 Say what you lyst / and I wol here
 Graunt mercy swete sir dere.

(Quod alderfirst) dame Abstynence
 And thus began she her sentence 7506
 Sir / the firste vertue certayne
 The greatest / and moste souerayne
 That may be founde in any man
 For hauynge / or for wyttie he can 7510
 That is his tonge to refrayne
 Therto ought euery wight him payne
 For it is better styll be
 Than for to speken harme parde 7514
 And he that herkeneth it gladly
 He is no good man sykerly
 And sir / abouen al other synne
 In that arte thou moste gilty inne 7518
 Thou spake a iape / not longe a go
 And sir / that was right yuel do
 Of a yonge man / that here repayed
 And neuer yet this place apayed 7522
 Thou saydest he awayted nothyng
 But to disceyue Fayre welcomyng
 Ye sayd nothyng sothe of that
 But sir / ye lye / I tel you plat 7526
 He ne cometh no more / ne gothe parde
 I trowe ye shal him neuer se
 Fayre Welcomyng in prison is
 That ofte hath played with you er this
 The fayrest games that he coude 7531
 Without fylthe styl or loude [Fo. C.lxviii.]

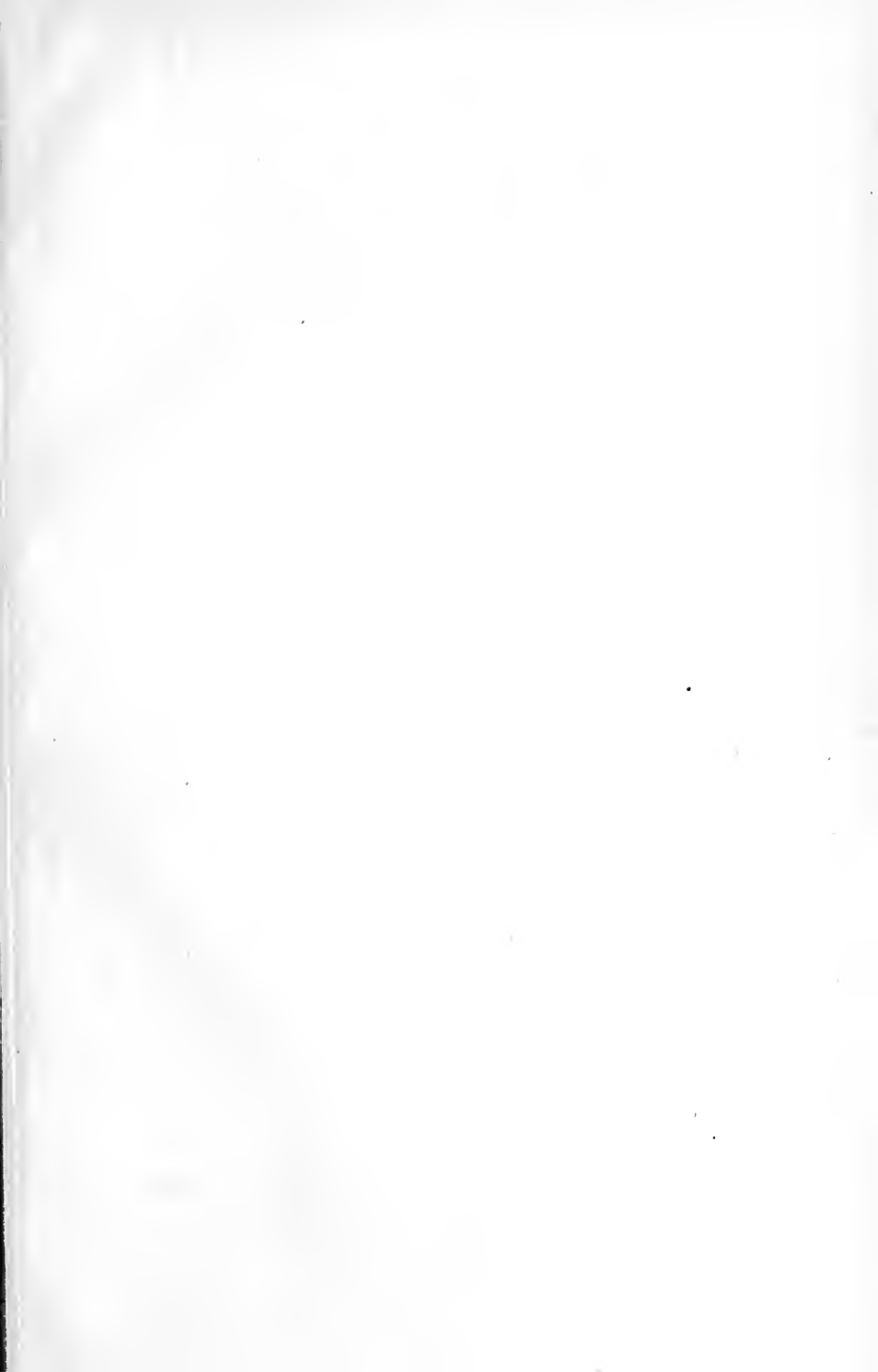
Nowe dare she nat her selfe solace	Agyltest manne no more but this
Ye han also the manne do chace 7534	Take nat a grefe it were worthy
That he dare neyther come ne go	To putte the out of this bayly 7574
What meueth you to hate him so ?	And afterwarde in prison lye
But properly your wicked thought 7537	And fette the tyl that thou dye
That many a false leasyng hath thought	For thou shalte for this synne dwelle
That meueth your foole eloquence	Right in the dyuels arse of helle 7578
That iangleth euer in audyence	But if that thou repent the <small>[Fo. C.lxviii., col. 2]</small>
And on the folke areyseth blame 7541	Mafaye / thou lyst falsely (<i>quod he</i>)
And dothe hem dishonour and shame	What / welcome with myschaunce
For thyng that maye haue no preuyng	nowe
But lykelynesse / and contryuyng.	Haue I therefore herbered you 7582
	To saye me shame / and eke reprove
For I dare sayne / that Reason demeth	With sorye happe to your behoue
It is nat al sothe thyng that semeth	Am I to day your herbegere
And it is synne to controue 7547	Go herber you elsewhere / than here
Thyng that is to reprove	That han a lyer called me 7587
This wote ye wele / and sir: therefore	Two tregetours arte thou and he
Ye arne to blame the more 7550	That in myn house / do me this shame
And nathelesse / he recketh lyte	And for my sothe sawe ye me blame
He yeueth nat nowe therof a myte	Is this the sermon that ye make ?
For if he thought harme parfaye	To al the dyuels I me take 7592
He wolde come and gone al daye 7554	Or eis god thou me confounde
He coude him selfe nat abstene	But er men dydden this castel founde
Nowe cometh he nat / and that is sene	It passeth not ten dayes or twelue
For he ne taketh of it no cure	But it was tolde right to my selu <small>[so]</small>
But if it be through auenture 7558	And as they sayd / right so tolde I
And lasse than other folke algate	He kyste the Rose prinely 7598
And thou her watchest at the gate	Thus sayd I nowe / and haue sayd yore
With speare in thyne arest alwaye	I not where he dyd any more
There muse musarde al the daye 7562	Why shulde men say me suche a thyng
Thou wakest night and day for thought	If it had ben gabbyng 7602
Iwis thy traueyle is for nought	Right so sayd I / and wol saye yet
And Ielousye withouten fayle	I trowe I lyed not of it
Shal neuer quyte the thy traueyle 7566	And with my bemes I wol blowe
And skathe is / that Fayre Welcomyng	To al neyghbours arowe 7606
Without any trespassyng	Howe he hath bothe comen and gone
Shal wrongfully in prison be	Tho spake False semblant right anone
There wepeth and languysseth he 7570	Al is not gospel out of doute 7609
And though thou neuer yet ywis	That men sayne in the towne aboute

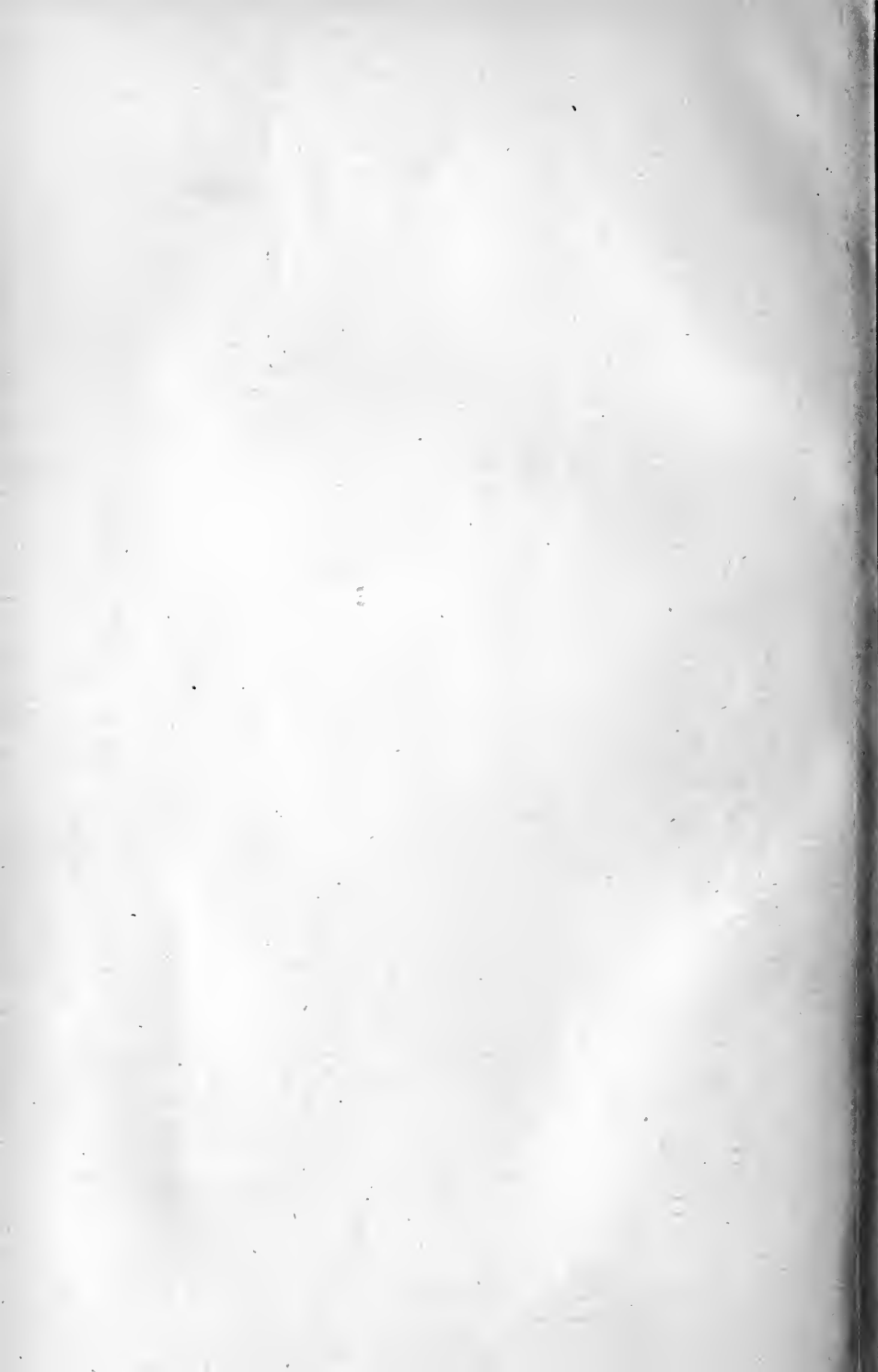
Lay no deefe eere to my spekyng	7611	He nolde nothyng loue you so
I swere you sir / it is gabbyng		Ne callen you his frende also
I trowe ye wote wel certaynly		But nyght and daye he wol wake
That no man loueth him tenderly	7614	The castel to distroye and take
That saythe him harme / if he wote it		If it were sothe / as ye deuysse
Al be hē neuer so poore of wyt		Or some manne in some maner wyse
And sothe is also sykerly		Might it warne him euerydele
This knowe ye sir / as wel as I	7618	Or by him selfe parceyue wele
That louers gladly wol visyten		For sithe he myght nat come and gone
The places there her loues habyten		As he was whylome wonte to done
This man you loueth / and eke honoureth		He myght it soone wyte and se
This man to serue you labourerth	7622	But nowe al otherwyse wote he
And clepeth you his frende so dere		Than haue we sir al vtterly
And this man maketh you good chere		Deserued helle / and iolyly
And euery where that you meteth	7625	The dethe of helle doutlesse
He you saleweth / and he you greteth		That thrallen folke so gyltlesse.
He preseth nat so ofte / that ye	[Fo. C.lxxviii., back]	
Ought of his comyng encombred be		False Semblant so proueth this thyng
There presen other folke on you		That he canne none answeryng
Ful offer than he dothe nowe	7630	And seeth alwaye / suche apparauce
And if his herte him strayned so		That nygh he fel in repentaunce
Vnto the Rose for to go		And sayd him / sir : It maye wel bo
Ye shulde hym sene so ofte nede	7633	Semblant / a good manne semen ye
That ye shulde take him with the dede		And Abstynence / ful wyse ye seme
He coude his comyng nat forbear		Of o talent you bothe I deme
Though he him thrilled with a speare		What counsayle wol ye to me yeuen ?
It nere nat than / as it is nowe		Right here anon thou shalt be shriuen
But trusteth wel / I swere it you	7638	And say thy synne / without more
That it is clene out of his thought		Of this shalte thou repent sore
Sir / certes he ne thynketh it nought		For I am preest / and haue poste
No more ne dothe Fayre Welcomyng		To shriue folke of most dignyte
That sore abyeth al this thyng	7642	That ben as wyde as worlde may dure
And if they were of one assent		Of al this worlde I haue the cure
Ful soone were the Rose hent		And that had neuer yet persoun
The maugre yours wolde be	7645	Ne vycarie of no maner toun
And sir / of o thyng herkeneth me		And god wotte I haue of the
Sith ye this man / that loueth you		A thousande tymes more pyte
Han sayd suche harme / and shame nowe		Than hath thy preest parochial
Wytteth wel / if he gessed it		Though he thy frende be special
Ye maye wel demen in your wyt	7650	I haue auantage in o wyse

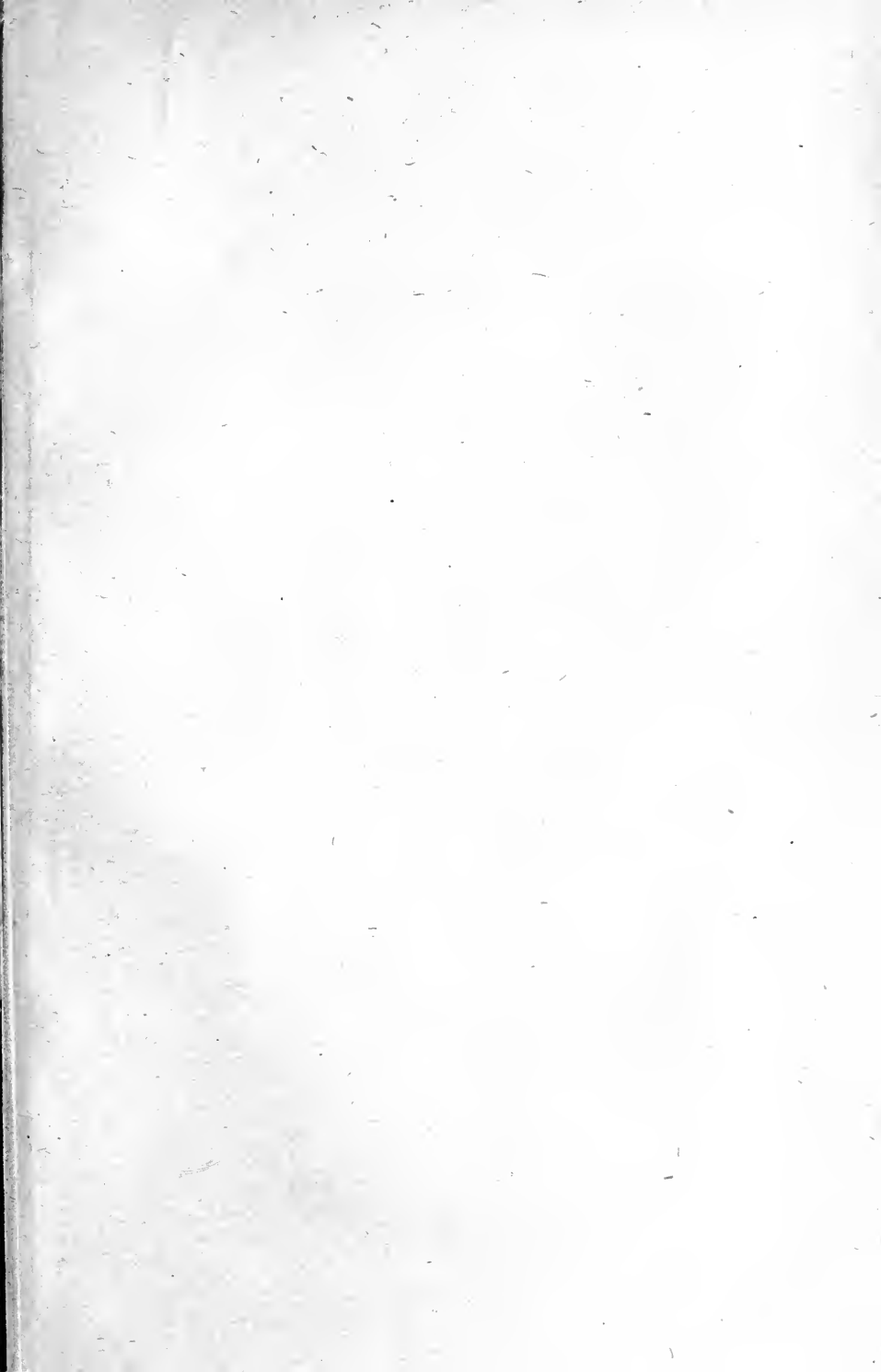
That your prelates ben not so wyse		If ye wol you nowe confesse	
Ne halfe so lettred (as am I)		And leaue your synnes more and lesse	
I am lycensed boldely		Without abode / knele downe anon	
In diuynite for to rede		And you shal haue absolucion.	7698
And to confessen out of drede	7694	¶ Finis.	

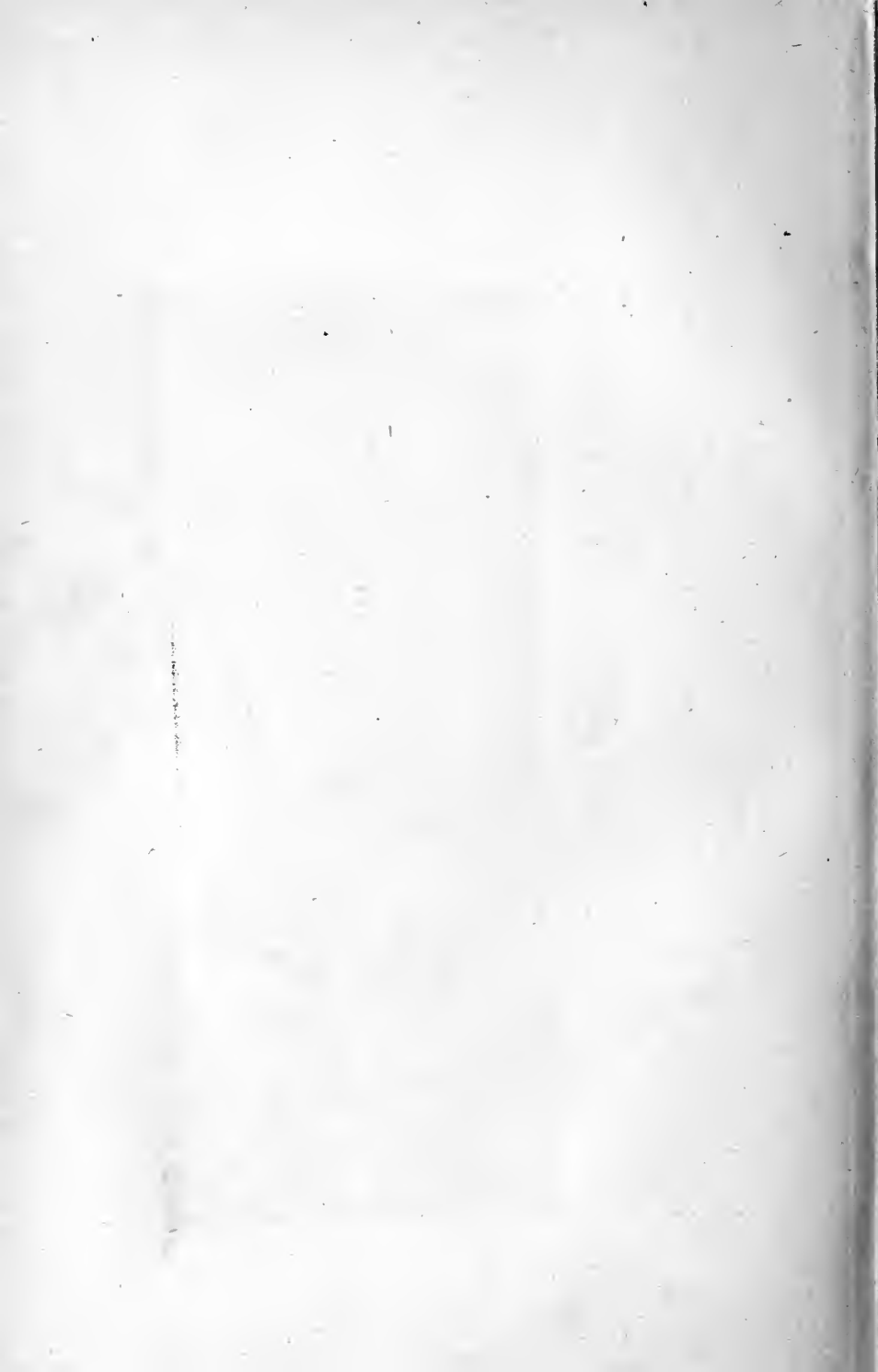
¶ Here endeth the Romaunt of the
 Rose: And here foloweth
 the boke of Troy-
 lous and Cre-
 seyde.

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BRUNSWICK STREET, STAMFORD STREET, S.E.,
AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.









PR
1901
A3
no.82

Chaucer Society, London
[Publications]

CIRCULATE AS MONOGRAPH

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
